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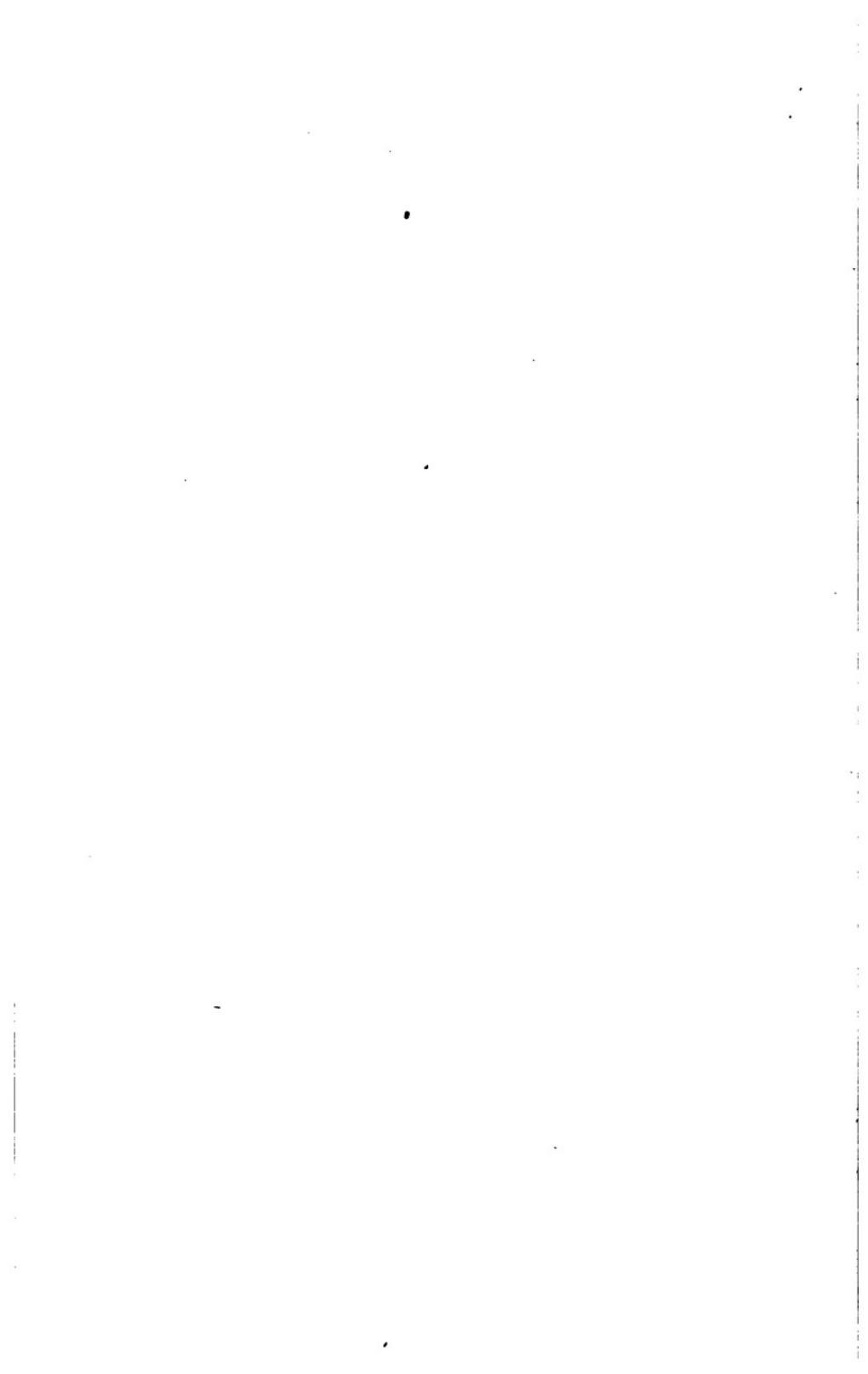


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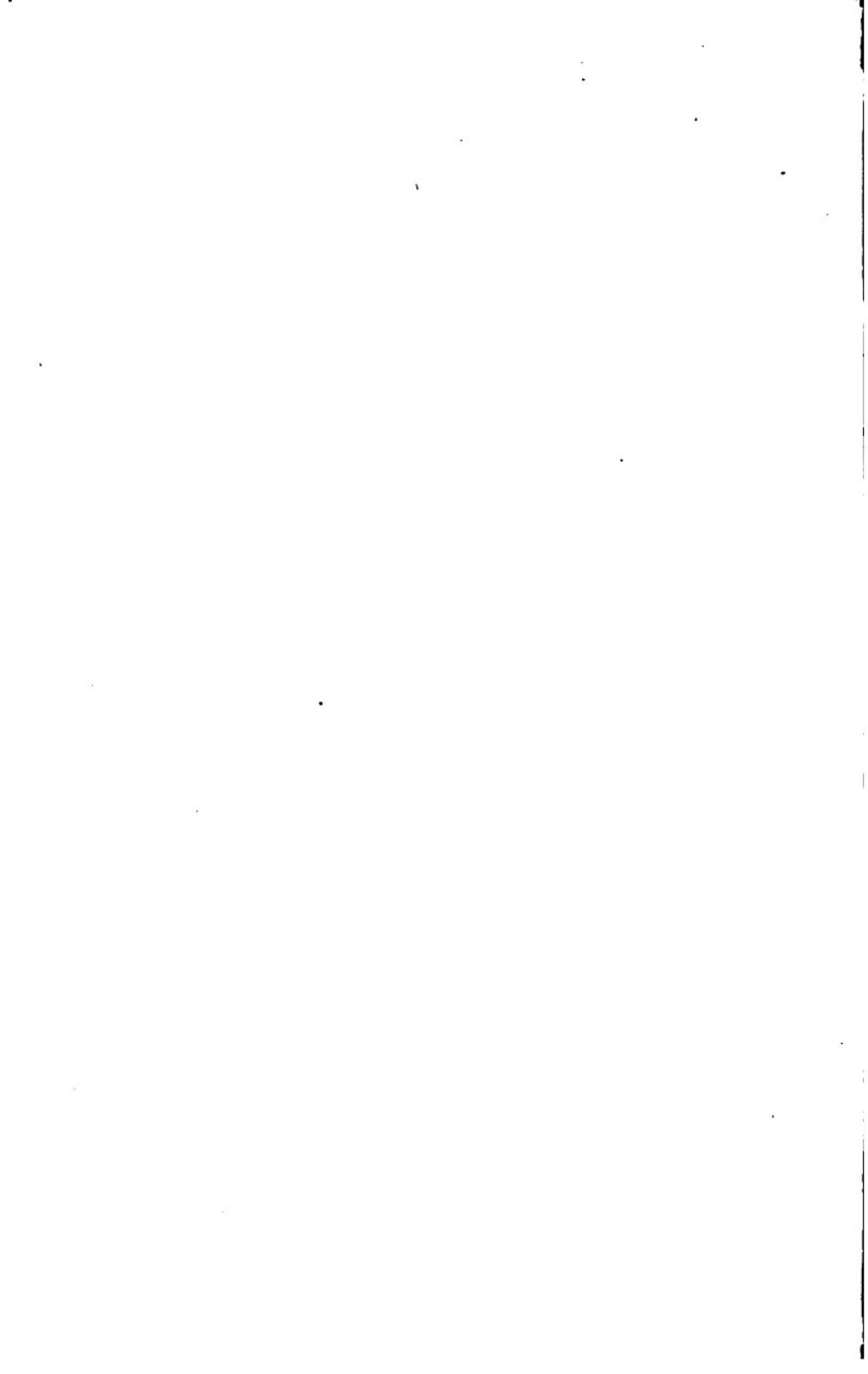
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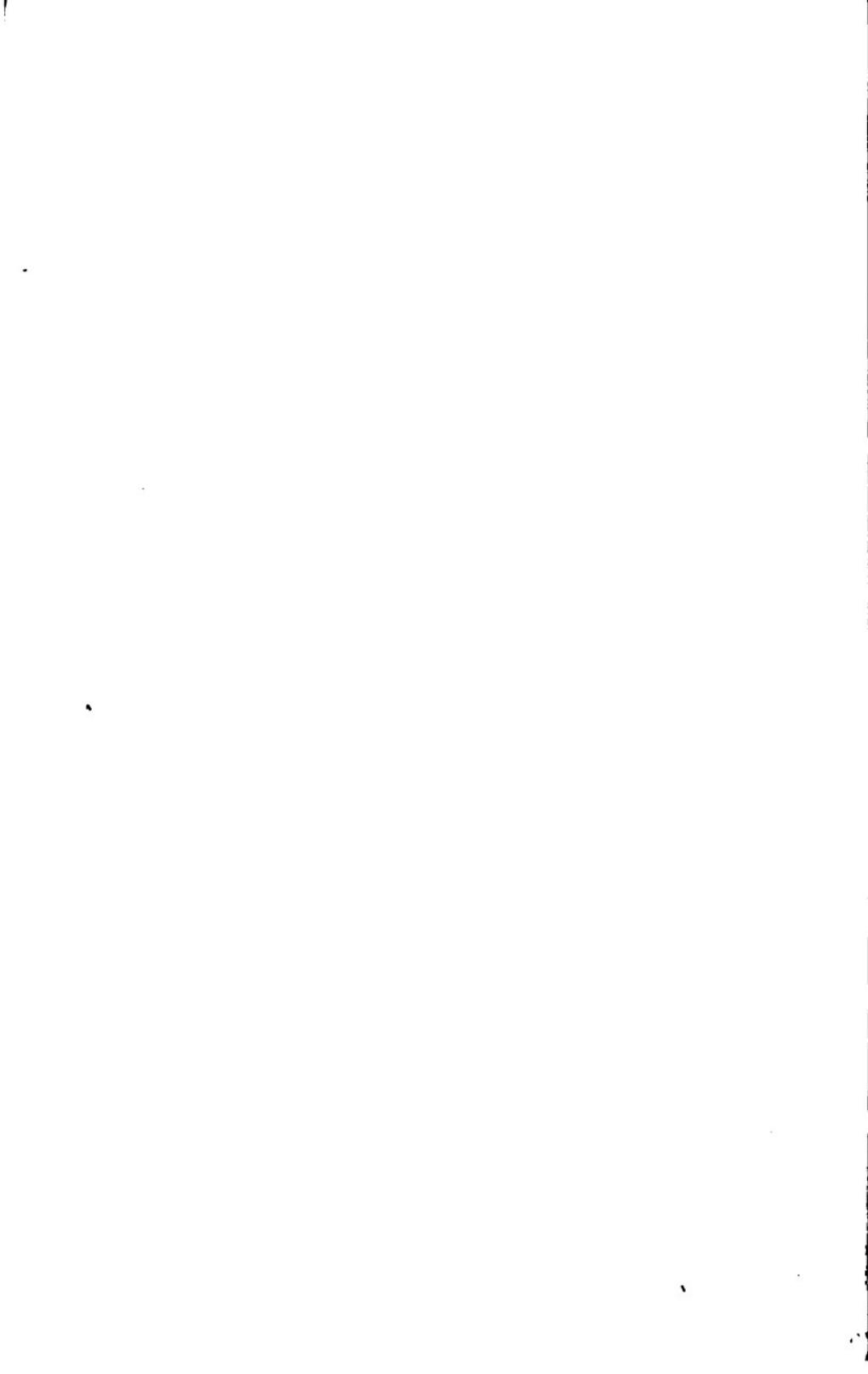


To the Library of the
Harvard Medical School
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February 5. 1931

ABROAD WITH JANE

See William Osler figures in
this book (pp. 26, 46, 111 &c) as Sir
Richard Holte.



ABROAD WITH JANE

BY

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN



PRIVately PRINTED

1918

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6 FEB 1931

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Jane
(after Rembrandt)

ABROAD WITH JANE

I

 HAD wondered these many years why people went to Europe, when Jane told me we were going. Why should they keep going so, to be sure? Man wants but little here below, and a large proportion of it is obtainable in these states, to wit: food, drink, shelter, newspapers, other reading, church privileges, schooling, and all the commodities. And I had seen —we all have seen—so many, many people go to Europe, some of them habitually, without any obvious effects of the treatment! I know it may be a case like that of a man very attentive to his duties in church and used as an example of the inefficacy of Christianity, but nobody knows how much meaner he might have been if he had not been partly Christianized. I do not doubt that civilization in this country is appreciably affected and, I hope, improved by the prevalent go-to-Europe habit, and perhaps the individuals who go are more beneficially Europeanized than appears on their surfaces. But anyhow, Jane said we were going. At least she

disclosed that she was clear in her mind that we ought to go, that it was time we went, and that, all circumstances being duly considered, we could better afford to go than not. Also she wanted to go—she admitted that.

Jane is not often so positive. She always has an opinion, but about most matters that implicate me, it is a take it or leave it opinion, and just goes into the scales with my own poor inclinations and the other considerations that weigh out to a conclusion. But the few considerable things that Jane is positive in requiring of me, I do, of course, or assent to and help along if I can, not daring, indeed, not to, for fear I might miss something better than I can discern. So it was about sending Clementine and later Blandina to boarding school. I could not see the need of it, but Jane saw it and they went. And since Jane saw the need I never mutinied very much about the matter, for after all, one of the means of getting along through this world is to use what we have got, and who that has a dog would bark himself, or, blessed with a wise director, would forego the advantages of seasonable obedience.

Besides, it came handy. I was about to be released from an employment that had engrossed a large share of my very moderate energies for twenty years, and had restricted my movements a good deal for half that time, so one considerable share of what had been my business would suffer nothing from my absence, and the rest of it, I was assured, could get along without me, and more profitably, perhaps, than if I hung around. I had never denied even to myself that there were times when people did right to go to Europe, and really this seemed a time when it was right for us to go. Jane and I had been before, but that was twenty odd years ago, when we were still young and Jonas and Clementine were in the short skirts of infancy, and Blandina had not yet moved into our family. We went over in the fall in a comfortable old Inman Line boat, and had a little pleasant company aboard her, and went up to London through Chester and Warwick and those places, and looked at London from a big hotel on Trafalgar Square, and at Paris from a big hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and came home by way of Antwerp.

It astonished me how little I remembered of

that journey; the walls of Chester and an apple tart in the inn there, and the interest expressed by some natives because we ate cheese with it; a round tower and a Holbein at Warwick, a village street and the ruined castle at Kenilworth, a faded and fragmentary impression of Oxford, the hotel in London and the people in it, and mighty little else of London except some vague pictures of the Abbey and its monuments, and the Tower, and two or three shows at theatres. And some French pastry at Calais; a little French landscape on the road to Paris, the *bonnes* and *nourrices* in the Tuileries gardens, the catacombs, the Moulin Rouge, the Rubens pictures in the Louvre, too big to be forgotten, the ornament on Jane's Paris hat, some details of food and drink in Duvals and other restaurants, and two young doctors, one of them an acquaintance made aboard ship, who were our playmates in Paris. Antwerp was practically a blank, though I know as a biographical fact that we spent at least two nights and one whole day there, and went to the cathedral.

It is a truism that we see what we have learned to see, and I suppose that on that first visit I had

not yet learned to see much except people. But since then I had lived seventeen years in New York, and had seen that city pretty much rebuilt, and had come to be attentive at least to buildings, if not very knowing about them, and had looked into shop-windows, and duly frequented the picture-dealers' rooms and viewed their wares. And really in New York one does see something first and last, especially if his daily beat runs on Fifth Avenue when the shops are open. As for men who go down town in the morning six days a week by subway or elevated, and stay there till dusk, of course they see less, though some of them seem to acquire knowledge even about buildings and pictures. But such men are apt to go often to Europe—every summer, some of them; and of one essential at least to getting to Europe, the down-town men get their share.

The habitual down-town men of New York, seasoned to New York and down town and the daily grind, are a pretty well-disciplined lot. At least their considerable company includes a large percentage of disciplined workers. Those that do not attain to the necessary discipline drop out, but the men who for years together spend their

working hours in the neighborhood of Wall Street, and still in their maturity retain command of their powers, have learned to obey the rules necessary to maintain themselves in health. They know more or less what to do, and do it. When the bell rings for them to take their annual rest they take it, if not on the stroke of the bell, as soon afterwards as is possible. They are apt to go to Europe because that is the easiest and most amusing thing to do, and the least repellent way of getting rested. And no doubt, once you have formed the habit, it comes easy. But I had never formed the habit, and to me it did not come easy at all. Jane instructed me to engage passage betimes and that I did. A little later, because of something that happened, we had to defer going for two months and swap our tickets. I did that too. It is no trouble to engage staterooms or to swap them,—that is all a far-off preliminary; but actually to wrench yourself loose from the habits of twenty years and go aboard a ship and sail away is a different matter.

Of course no man likes to do that. It's like starting out to be a different man, and no man, unless stimulated by some spiritual revelation,

wants to be a different man. And even when so stimulated it is a hard pull, for the man we have been, even if we have no great opinion of him, is an old familiar, and we are loath to be quit of him and take up with a stranger. I had had no spiritual revelation about going to Europe, but Jane had had something akin to one, and I recognized its validity. But I was like a forced convert; consenting but with secret rebellion and smothered protestations. For one thing I was tired, and when you are thoroughly tired you want to do what is least trouble, and it is usually easier to go on at about half speed than to make a plan, break away, and carry it out. It takes energy to make a plan and then it takes will power to stick to it. Jane had both, albeit she was pretty tired herself, as I knew, and needed a change very much, as I was well aware. Moreover she had the advantage of me in being able to use what energy she had in perfecting her plan, and all her will power in sticking to it, whereas I had to use mine in ministering to the requisitions of my employments.

What will happen in this world when the feminists have perfected it, and the wives as well as

the husbands are privileged to work themselves to a standstill earning wages until neither has the strength to stop the other, is one of the things I would like to know.

And besides being tired and indisposed to do anything more exacting than to read the papers or sit in the back of a motor-car and take the air, I had some special grounds of reluctance to going to Europe. I have been obliged to get along for a great many years past with very inadequate perception of sounds, and to content myself with only so much conversation as skillful and benevolent people with distinct voices can convey to me through a speaking-tube. This I impart in confidence, and indeed all of this record is confidential, and I should regret to have any of it divulged by readers to the critical world outside, or get into the papers, being only too well aware that it puts me in an unfavorable light as an afflicted and peevish person whom any one who wanted to go to Europe should have rejoiced to leave at home. I could not see that Jane's judgment was good in being willing to take me; much less in wanting to. For if you are deaf, you build up a set of habits proper to that condition, espe-

cially habits of reading; of keeping busy; of living a little apart and avoiding occasions and companies when it is indispensable to hear what is going on. And so you are able to dodge some of the aggravations of your disorder, and possess your soul in so much more patience, and maintain a temper by so much nearer bland. To be catapulted out of such a nest of protective habits, put aboard a steamer populated with inaccessible strangers, deprived of newspapers and news and all customary employments for days together, and emptied out presently into a continent of strange hotels—I own it looked to me imperfectly attractive. As duty it could be borne, like anything else, but there were bad gaps in it as a program of pleasure.

And indeed I think the so prevalent supposition that people go to Europe to have a good time, and that they must be out for a good time, and be having it, because they go to Europe partakes considerably of delusion. That's what everybody asks you—"Did you have a good time?" They all conspire to induce the impression that you go to Europe as you go up to a soda-fountain and get a good time flavored with

strawberry, sarsaparilla, or vanilla,—London, Paris, or Berlin—as you prefer, and that if it isn't good, you are entitled to get your money back.

Nonsense! There are people, of course, to whom Europe is heavenly, either because they are extra foolish or extra wise, but for the common run of us, going there is an anxious pastime, that involves a vast dislocation of everything, a great deal of hard work, much weariness, and a good deal too much calculation. Not half the people who go to Europe go primarily to have a good time. They go for rest and change and self-improvement and escape, and because it is a national habit, and because it has been made so easy and is the simplest way of breaking, not with the past, but with the much more intrusive and tenacious present.

But getting ready is hard work, you have to pack and packing is a weariness. You must give thought to it, contriving to take clothes enough for all weathers and all occasions; a certain limited but sufficient assortment in bags or a steamer trunk to wear aboard ship, and more, if you have more, to go into the hold. And you have to do

your regular work up to the last minute and if possible for a week or two ahead, and make provision for all your responsibilities, that your servants, if you have servants, shall be paid and subsisted while you are gone; that your children, if you have children, may find other than institutional shelter and employments; that your houses, if you have houses, may be so left that you may hope to find them there with their contents undiminished when you get back.

Jane and I got ready—Jane mostly and especially. It was troublesome, but we did it, and came up to town to take the steamer. The night before, everything else being done, Jane asked me if I had the tickets. When I went to find them they were not there. I had to admit that I had put them away so carefully that they were out of sight and had been left behind in the country, whence they could not be recovered, even by the long distance telephone, in time to catch the steamer at noon next day. That was mortifying, but after all what did it matter except as an embarrassment to me and evidence of my unsuitableness to assume traveller's responsibilities. We could get aboard the ship without tickets.

We had a stateroom and could find it, and once started, they could n't put us off. Besides we could stop at the agency on the way down in the morning and get duplicate tickets. And that is what we did, and had no trouble, so I judge I was not the first delinquent of that sort.

I swelled with pride at the stores in our state-room: a truly splendid outgo of fruit in several lots; a box from Boston with two bottles of Somersault Club cocktails and a box of cigars; a book of poetry for me by that very highbrow Indian poet who has since won the Nobel prize; very nice letters from people; flowers for Jane; gum drops; lemon drops; a number of things I have forgotten, and eight bottles of coffee for Jane, from Madeira's restaurant. I was greatly flattered by my share of these tributes, especially that anybody should believe that I could read Indian poetry even in translation, or still retained sufficient alcoholic capacity to find bottled cocktails a help on a short voyage. Jane was flattered also, and we tried to live up to all these gracious gifts, and ate some of the grapes and read with due pride the inscription in the book. But the most appreciated thing in our stores turned out to be

the coffee. The steward carried away a bottle of it the first thing every morning, and brought it back hot, with milk and rolls, and Jane and I drank it with glad recognition of its superiority to the White Star coffee, though that was good too. I don't know anything that ameliorates a worn-out disposition so helpfully as good coffee—and rolls and butter—in the morning. Young people, and very well and gracious people, can be amiable in the morning without this aid, but for myself, I confess that when I am worked out I wake in the morning full of grievances and ready to bite a file; a mental condition into which coffee comes like an oil-ship to a stormy rescue.

It was mighty hot that morning, the last in July. Hot it had been for three days. Hot it was to be even at sea for several days more. Four or five kind relatives came down to send us off, including Blandina and Jonas, he, touched by the weather or something, and in a state of health so obviously tottering as considerably to wring the parental hearts. But we could not wait for him to be better, or even worse. All I could do was to write by the shore mail begging his

employer please to look at him and call an ambulance if he seemed to need it.

Out of the slip, around the Battery, up on the upper deck to look back at the cliff-dwellings of the Wall Street district; down the harbor, and then presently sitting on a deck-chair south of Long Island, and looking at a steamer going our way at nearly our speed with a moving-picture effect that seemed transplanted from Broadway. There was nobody aboard that either Jane or I knew, and nobody that knew us. Odd to live half a century or more in the world, speaking freely to the people in it, buying of and selling to them, employing them and working for them, and then to get on a steamer and be unknown among unknowns! I blushed for my poor advertisement so long continued and so often next to reading-matter, and yet so ineffective.

But there were good points about it. I have at times delusions of importance (this, too, is confidential), sentiments of pride at having lived in the world so long without incurring any aggravated degree of disrepute, pride at having credit in so many shops and of getting my name in the paper at least twice a year without intruding in

the divorce column, the "lost and found," or the corner where they print obituaries. They know me in the places where I work, in some of the shops where I trade, in the country where we go in summer, and a little even on the restricted beat on which I take my daily course in town. Besides that I am known to quite a large assortment of people as Jane's husband, enviably of course, and altogether I have times, on shore, of feeling quite important. But that, as we all know so well, is neither wholesome nor agreeable. Mankind thinks ill of it and calls it having the big head. Sometimes I eat too much or otherwise unwisely, and have the stomach ache. That is disagreeable, but not nearly so bad as the sense of self-conceit. I am never scared at stomach aches which I know will soon be over, but the sensation of self-importance, when it has run on for some time, makes me apprehensive. I know, from long experience, that I shall get over it presently, but I am fearful of what foolish things I may do or say before my infirmity clears up.

To be aboard a large ship where nobody knows who you are, is a perfect Nauheim cure for self-importance. It is a little depressing at first to feel

so negligible, but you get over that by reflecting how different it would be if all those strangers knew you as you know yourself, and how certainly you would be sitting at the Captain's table if he were on to you. That lets you down gradually, and having plenty of time to think, you reflect that there may be other persons aboard equally, or almost, as important as you are, and equally unknown and unacquainted. So then you begin to look around for them—unless the weather has been rough—and generally to examine and estimate the rest of the passengers, and to foregather with any of them that you find foregatherable.

Another grand detail of discipline that is thrown in gratis with your ship ticket is to be quit of newspapers. I profited very much by that. The nature of my employments had caused me to be an intemperate reader of newspapers for at least thirty years, so that I lived only partly in the actual world and considerably in that illusory and deceptive world which the newspapers invent for us. From this habit I had entire relief from the second day out. The newspapers I had brought aboard were stale by that time, and the ship's

paper, served at breakfast, with a few items by wireless, would not have hurt a baby. I began almost immediately to look upon the world as an item of the Lord's handicraft, and to feel more encouraged about it the more I saw it go on, sunrise and sunset, rain, shine, and mixed weather, without any assistance except from the barometer, and with no newspaper's hand on it at all. During all the time we were away my habit never regained its strength. I examined, admired, and commended the London *Times* and had it at breakfast when it was to be had, but read it only as an occasional pastime. The Paris *Herald* I used to look at to see who was in Paris, who was dead, and what was going on or coming off at Trouville. Otherwise I found that riding in taxicabs and smoking cigarettes was almost a perfect substitute for newspapers and furnished me with more and better thoughts than they did.

Jane has great self-possession and a retentive mind, and could have gone that voyage, I suspect, without making acquaintance with anybody but the stewardess. I am differently constituted. My mind is weaker and I have difficulty in retaining things on it, and when I have thoughts

am more comfortable if I have suitable people within reach to whom to impart them before they ferment. I feel, too, that people seem to be one of our Maker's best gifts to us, and that it is negligent and almost irreverent not to reach out for them when they are accessible. So I scraped what acquaintances I could, and when they turned out to be profitable, presented them to Jane, partly for her pleasure, largely for theirs, a good deal to help my own credit, and partly because she remembers people and especially their names much longer than I do, and often throws me a social life-buoy by remembering whom I know. So in the course of the week we knew as many of the passengers as was necessary, and had discussed all the rest.

When the worst has been said about education by newspapers, and it is a pretty bad worst, it remains that what you may have come to know by that method is well spread out. You know about as much about one thing as another, and enough about most things to be able to bait a hook for information. And you are stronger geographically than you might be with more knowledge and less spread, and can talk Chicago,

Philadelphia, Ohio, Missouri, Detroit, Texas, or New Orleans with some approximation to acquaintance with the processes and conditions of life in them.

Take Keokuk. When you meet some one from Keokuk you start a little freer for knowing what state it is in. My bet would be Iowa, with a disposition to hedge in the direction of Indiana. They ought to have named the state after the town. Then we should all know; and it's one of the best names in the geography. There was no one aboard from Keokuk, but take Peoria. It helps a little if you know about the peculiar abilities of the microbes of that place which produce a different fermentation in mash from those of Chicago, so that better whiskey can be made in Peoria than in Chicago. Or take Memphis. I understand there is a first class book-binder in Memphis, who binds for some of the more eminent book-sharps of St. Louis. There was no one aboard from Peoria, however, or Memphis, but to a newspaper-reader like me it was like news from home to learn that the two very cheerful and agreeable Chicago people at our table were intimate political friends of Hinky

Dink and Bathhouse John, and that Hinky Dink had reached to New York and sent an immense nosegay aboard to their stateroom. I felt then that they were important people.

The rule about sleeping dogs is not to kick them, and the indulgent rule as to people who hear with obvious difficulty is to avoid putting them to that trouble. That makes it necessary for such people to watch for occasion and use strategy in acquiring new acquaintances. Of all the people whose language I can speak the most approachable are the Irish. The first three acquaintances I acquired were Irishmen, and one of them actually did not wait to be acquired, but broke the rule, and acquired me promptly in the smoking-room with a proffer of Scotch whiskey. That was our friend the Queens County Judge, a very accomplished and agreeable gentleman, who discussed with me the propensity of the Irish to converse in any company, and the scandal it gave to Englishmen, whose disposition was all for retaining such ideas as they had. That accounts for Jane's self-possession, for I believe she has no derivation in her which is not English, whereas I am quarter Welsh with three

English quarters (aided by a dash of Dutch) on this Celtic fraction's back, and holding it under. One marks up his Welsh a bit in these days of Morgans and Lloyd-Georges. It is a pious strain, and perhaps the good Lord is raising it up to stand off the proud aristocracy and the Chosen People.

Of course it is the Irish passion to communicate that makes them writers and politicians. They seldom seem to care much for money, acquirement of which calls for the retentive qualities such as Jane has. But they are strong for diffusion—of money if they can get it, otherwise of anything that comes handy: ideas, words, convictions, incitations, and sometimes bricks. The natural equipment of our American newspaper is getting to be an Irishman in the editor's chair, a Jew in the counting-room.

My! my! Whatever would become of this runaway world if it were not for these great peoples, who, having no comfortable and sufficient home of their own, have been distributed over the earth, the one to get all the money away from the Christians, the other, like so many Greeks, to demonstrate the superiority of

discourse over acquisition. So comes salvation to the stiff of neck. Certainly the solicitude of the blessed saints for our eternal welfare has found expression in our immigration lists. They still have families; the Irish and the Jews. They both like their own and are able to live with them and to endure family life shared by three generations. And so they are not running out. I guess people who cannot stand family life are not hardy enough for this world, and it is not the Creator's intention that they shall continue. Usually they have had too much money and have run out of religion.

But I am telling about this voyage out as though it were one long blare of garrulity. Quite otherwise. It was n't a blare of anything. We got along with it tranquilly, ate, drank, sat, walked the deck, observed, discussed, conversed, read, and slept. Besides that I smoked tobacco, with the assistance of which I read through a long book,—Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh,"—a good enough book to spend an idle week on, which is high praise. But it was n't such an idle week. To have to keep occupied without your usual apparatus is an occupation in itself.

I read in the paper last summer that Edison, who is an inordinate worker, was induced to take a vacation and stood it for four days, when, having driven himself to a standstill inventing substitute occupations for himself, he was taken home ill. I did better than that, but I should probably have done better still if I could have taken ether. My neighbor, Milbrook, who goes abroad almost every year, goes by the fast boats, for he says five days is about enough for him. I dare say five days would do as well for me as eight or nine, unless there was an extra large passenger list to assimilate. I don't remember whether it was early or late in the voyage that I used to look down from the upper berth in the malignant early morning and wonder if Jane was of suitable dimensions to go out through the port-hole. Then I would crawl down and go off and get a sea-water bath, which is one of the best things they have aboard modern ships, and presently the steward would bring a bottle of Madeira's coffee, and my engine would begin to throb a little stronger, and my spirits would rise to meet the new day.

By the sixth night, when they gave the dance

on deck, Jane and I had a considerable acquaintance and knew as many people as New York people who go to dances usually know at the dances they usually go to. Along about the eighth morning, my Celtic fraction roused me at dawn, and had me up on deck a long time to look at Fastnet light and the coast of Ireland, so that my English majority was sore all day for loss of sleep. Our good friend the Judge of Queens and his wife got off at Queenstown, with a score of other passengers. Some newspapers came aboard, which were no substitute for the Judge, and some fresh food, and having rested ship for four or five hours we sped on for the rest of a restless day, packed up our belongings before we went to bed, and woke up next morning at the wharf in Liverpool.

II

WENT down the gangway at Liverpool about six paces behind Jane. I did not catch up with her permanently during our travels. Indeed, I doubt if I shall ever walk abreast of Jane for long in this life. The prow calls to her, but my disposition is towards the rudder end of things. We meet amidships a great deal and consult freely, but when it is a matter of getting under way, Jane's decisions are prompter than mine and her firm steps, toeing out, almost always precede my more deliberate ones.

There was a special train. The stewards brought along our impediments and piled them in a suitable heap in the station. But our trunk from the hold did not join them. I had to go back on board and take advice about it and then locate it among the custom-house officials and then catch a porter and reassure Jane, who had also run it down, and by the time we got back, prompter or luckier passengers had established themselves in the train. We got seats easily enough, but I had to hurry, which is un-

desirable, and I had to think, which was what I did not want to do. I had furnished myself with plenty of assorted silver pieces, and aspired just to let things happen without haste or thought, and be gently conducted to London. When you come to a country which has a going civilization, why not sit down and ride in it? I was for having the British civilization carry me all it would, and was willing enough to drop in the necessary coins and have it do it in its own time and fashion.

Jane and I had a nebulous understanding that we should go to Edinburgh on our travels. The natural thing for us to have done was to forge north from Liverpool into Scotland, and let London wait. But there was a doctor in London whom I wanted to see, and the one fixed pre-possession I had was to go there and see him. He was not just a usual doctor who knows about doctoring. He was a great physician. It is a very extraordinary occupation to be that: To have it generally agreed that probably you can come nearer than the family doctor to guessing what is the matter with people and what would be good for them is only half the story. A doctor

who can tell you that your liver now requires less rum than you have been used to furnish it, or that your heart is about done but will last a little longer if you walk slowly when you go upstairs, or that your blood pressure would strain a pneumatic tire and you had better take the baths somewhere—such a doctor is good to see, of course, on occasion. But a doctor who, besides all that, can cheer the spirit and get you re-excited about living is a bird of a different plume, and I was justified in feeling that such a one was worth crossing England to see.

Sir Richard Holter is a great physician, and the only good reason I had for hurrying to London from Liverpool was to consult him. He was kept in London, as I knew, by a professional engagement at the bedside of the doctors' congress, which was in its last hours. I wished to consult him, not about my physical health, which is tractable enough in its variations, but more generally about the conduct of life and the progress of civilization in the British Isles, and how to spend six weeks in Europe and such matters. I was a reluctant man about to be drowned in a sea of travels and he was my last straw. I thought possi-

bly he might make some suggestion which would let me out, or which I could treasure up and use as a defence against some suggestion of Jane's which did not suit my mood. Besides, he is very good to see, and I wanted to see him just to cheer my spirit.

For the truth was, though I did not realize it, that I was still tired. I had pictured to myself getting completely rested aboard ship from all my eons of toil in about five days, and springing ashore refreshed and eager like a patent medicine hero "after taking." But it was not so. I was still tired. Possibly I had exerted myself too much to make acquaintances, but I had to have them, and I could not get them without exertion. Neither could I abandon, all at once, the general habit of exertion. While I was making the acquaintances, Jane rested, and so kept fresher than I, and better able to converse with them when provided, and she gave me comfort after we had landed by assurance that it was the general sentiment of our friends of experience in sea-going that we had rather a languid voyage, warmer than usual and less stimulating. That was consoling, though I had not known before

that anything ailed the voyage. It had finished being warm. We had no further trouble about that in all our travels. And so the porter put us on the London train.

I never had much fault to find with the British porter-and-six-pence system for baggage. There were times when we found our train early and the bags did n't come until late, and there was an intermediate period of uncertainty that was troublesome. Then it is a defect in Europe that you cannot check your trunk and send it off on excursions by itself to be claimed somewhere at convenience, so confidently as we can at home. The European Sherman Law, called the Balance of Power, and other prejudices, which, in spite of Napoleon, had kept all the countries over there from going into a single trust, interferes with that. And even in Great Britain, the members of which have long been successfully incorporated, you have nothing to show for your trunk when you give it up but the British constitution, and that is not written. But you have to take things as you find them, and under the British system we found all the things we took, even our umbrellas. And the British railway

porter is a lovely institution. He is the real father of his country. I was in a perfect frame to appreciate his fatherliness. I wanted him to do all the work including the necessary thinking and he did it, he and Jane. I loved to have him hustle in and find us proper seats in trains. In that particular of service I am seldom able to realize reasonable expectations, but the British porter did and I honored him for it with admiration and shillings.

And isn't a shilling a dear little talisman? I was so pleased with them. They do so much for you, and leave you with a cheerful glow and a sense of having parted with a true friend. You can get quite a lot of them for five dollars, and they are the cheapest thing for the money that you can buy in England. Even their fractions are nice, very desirable and convenient; companionable while they stay with you, and remunerative when they leave. I tried to keep always provided with shillings and their silver fractions, and duly also with pennies, which are issued in England in large folio editions. I can remember when our honorable little cents were of a dignified amplitude like that. Did they buy

more than, do you suppose? Certainly they were of more relative importance in the scheme of things than cents are now, and I'm not sure but that it would be an operation worth trying on the high cost of living to make them big again.

I don't know where we landed in London, but if it was the same station we came away from seven weeks later, it is somewhere off back of the British Museum. I did not have to learn the whereabouts of any railway station anywhere we went. The cabmen always seem to know where they are, and to know yourself is merely to contrive a redundancy of information. When there is so much that you have to know in order to get along at all, why practice to duplicate knowledge that is just as available as if you knew it yourself. Jane knows a great deal and that, of course, is of immense value to me because we have it in the family and I don't have to know it. If the London railway stations were triumphs of architecture like our two new ones in New York, one might have to locate them, but I never heard or noticed that they were.

A porter at the unknown station delivered us

and our effects to a cabman and we were hauled to a hotel in the street of Rebecca Sharp. It is n't just a common thing to get to London after an absence of twenty-two years and look out of the window as you drive from the station. London is London, a city to be inspected with emotion. But the cares of life were a bit too heavy on me for due emotion on that little ride. London in those moments confronted me preponderantly as a big job. There it was, and I had to take as large a hasty bite as I could of it and try to digest it. And there were people to find, if I could, and bags and trunks to be opened, and oh! a plan made to get away, and of all things then I hated the thought of making a plan. You know you do, when you 're tired. Still I did look out of the window at cabs, and people, and buildings on both sides of the street, and could not even then but be impressed with the fact that it was a second-hand city. The fine junk-shop atmosphere of it was a poultice to the spirit. New York, what one sees of it, is so new! Our whole blessed country is so new—so much newer than it was when I first began to notice it. It seems as if four-fifths of it as I knew it fifty, forty,

thirty years ago, had either been scrapped, bodily, and carted off, or else altered, rebuilt, piazzaed, planted out, built out, or abandoned. Who can have associations with anything in a land so terribly exposed to improvement as ours? What is there left of what we had when we were young except the Bible, the Declaration, and the Constitution, and improvers have revised the first, and flouted the next, and daily denounce the last as the chief obstacle to Progress. Where, in New York or any other American city, are the hotels of thirty years ago? Where is the University Building, the Astor Library, the Lenox Library, Sieghorner's, Solari's, the Rialto, the Tenderloin? All, all, are gone, and the very streets where some of them were have been destroyed for the decent purposes they used to serve by the throngs of Russian Jews that "improvements" have poured into them. The transition state between the condition that incurs improvement and the finally improved condition is very terrible. And the improved condition is sometimes pretty awful too, especially before the moss has time to grow on it. Out of the cab window London looked gratefully second-hand. It does not es-

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cape improvement, of course, but at least it gets it more gradually than New York.

The hotels seem to be the first thing to be improved in a modern city. There are London hotels that are up to the date and pulling it forward. I got to know the Ritz, a piece of the Rue de Rivoli set down on Piccadilly and looking homesick; the Berkeley, bald, incongruous, barking at Devonshire House, but duly improved, no doubt, with bath-rooms. The one we went to had been recommended by our cousins. It was not much improved, and I confess it made me feel a little kinder toward the improved hotels. I suppose hotels have to be improved in order to hold their business, which is done for the most part with travellers who have no local associations and simply want fire-escapes, beds, baths, writing-paper, and pretty people to look at while they eat. I was less pleased with ours than I should have been. We went to our room-and-bath through a long ramification of passages and back elevators that reminded me agreeably of the Parker House in Boston. The room-and-bath sufficed, but the people in the dining-room did not seem to me

to be up to the old Parker House standard. There on Commencement morning I used to be cheered by watching Senator George Frisbie Hoar eat his breakfast. Nobody in our hotel cheered my meals with thoughts as elevating as the Worcester statesman used to diffuse. There were rather a rag-bag lot of people about, I thought, some much like us, some Americans rather worse than us, some Americans undoubtedly worse than we were, no ladies as handsome as Jane, a good many frumps, some appalling family parties, girls who did their hair to make you cry with pity for them, poor things, and who were clothed in ready-made, department-store garments so that you wanted to gather them right up and carry them off to a dressmaker and give them a fair chance at life. Oh, those poor girls! As I looked at them, and at their parents, they helped me to understand the desperation of the suffragettes. Between the people who appealed too much to my sympathies and the people who appealed too little, I got disenchanted with the hotel.

But it served our turn for three days. There was real water in the bath and the food fed us,

and we only dined there one evening anyway. I think I would have liked it better a little later, after my mind had become adjusted to European life.

It did not have much chance to get adjusted during those three days in London. There were several things I thought I wanted to do, and of course there was the constant obligation to be seeing London and getting the run of it. And since I did n't know the way about, I lay back on the British civilization.

It responded admirably, with taxicabs. Compared with ours the British civilization is not strong on mechanical toys. It is moderate in its use of elevators and casual in its reliance upon the telephone. I suppose it resents the impudence of the telephone that, in our land of free speech, breaks in on any conversation, speaks to its betters without deference, and expects everybody's business to wait till its sputter is over and it has rung off. The English are a good deal inured to the decencies of life. Their manners are better than ours; they are more civil-spoken. And they are tenacious of their habits, which with them become rights. If they are slow to submit their

necks to the yoke of the telephone, slow to abandon manners for the sake of speed, it is something to respect them for. I suppose they are only just getting reconciled to the impertinences of the penny post, and resent the liberties of the telephone.

But they are reconciled to the taxicabs. London is full of them. They fit perfectly into the British civilization. They are plentiful, clean, and miraculously responsive to the dear little shillings, and they know, when you tell them, how to get to where you want them to go, and take you there for a charge that begins at eight pence and mounts with suitable consideration. In New York I never set foot in a taxicab unless there is a serious need,—as to take Jane out to dinner on a wet night, or to go to the station with more things than I can carry. It's about a dollar to look at a taxicab in New York, and two dollars before you know it. In London it's about a shilling, and two shillings, maybe, after a while.

Of course, in New York it's good for us to walk. I didn't want to walk much during those three preliminary days in London, and the taxi-

cab branch of the British civilization was my salvation. It took me on that first day to the Express office for letters, to the American Embassy, to a hotel to look for Eustace Dixon, to the British Museum to look at the Elgin marbles, to a hotel to find Sir Richard Holter, and, in the evening, with Jane to the theatre and back.

It was the 9th of August, 1913. Parliament had let out, suffragettes were resting at the sea-shore or off burning summer hotels, the people of fashion were gone to the moors, the king was in Yorkshire shooting, and it behooved any one who hoped to catch a person of quality to lose no time. I was interested to see the embassy. I believe it is the only continuous shelter that our frugal country maintains in London, though possibly we keep a continuous consulate too. In considering the perplexities of ambassadorial maintenance which result from the aversion of our congressional fathers to spend money on diplomats, I had often wondered why the ambassador did not set up his bed and stall his bicycle at the embassy, going out for his meals, perhaps, but making that his abode. I wished to see how well it might suit these uses that I had imagined.

The thing could be done. The street is a respectable street not very far away, I believe, from the Parliament Houses and Downing Street. The embassy is the ground floor of a respectable but plain dwelling. A polite man came to the door and let me in, received my advertisement, and said the ambassador had gone for the day, but was in town and he would speak to him by the telephone. So I looked about. There are several rooms of fair size. Familiar photographs of previous ambassadors are on the walls. There are book-cases filled with records, chairs, tables, but no bed, nor bar, not even grape juice. Lodging might be contrived there, and business done, but for hospitalities the premises are perhaps restricted, though, after all, hospitality knows no bounds and can be adjusted to a palace or a bootleg.

The polite man came back, deposing that the ambassador admitted that he knew me and was going out of town (though not necessarily for that reason) for Sunday, and would be glad, indeed would like, to see me on Monday. It was nice that the good ambassador, still so backward in the competition with the foxes and the fowls

which have homes, should at least have found a place to go out to for Sunday. Having, then, an hour to spare and needing to select an object, I chose the Elgin marbles, which, I thought, would be pretty sure to be at home even on a Saturday afternoon in August.

The British Museum is an odd place for the Elgin marbles, but it has sheltered them safely since they were put there, which is more than the Acropolis did, and they would be in better repair if they had got there sooner. And they can be, and are, seen by shoals of people. Great national monuments of any country that are in peril at home could hardly find a more respectable shelter than the British Museum. If Niagara Falls could be stored there, it would be comparatively safe (unless the militant suffragette movement gathers unanticipated strength), and more Americans could see it, I dare say, than see it now. And Niagara Falls is not particularly safe where it is. It is exposed to weather and various hostile and encroaching interests, and people keep saying they see its finish, and I dare say they do. The Rocky Mountains are pretty safe, but if Niagara Falls and the Cardiff Giant and

the Hetch-Hetchy Valley were in the British Museum, one would feel more confident about their future.

You can only point the camera of your mind at such objects as the Elgin marbles and receive whatever your films are capable of retaining. Mine were hardly at their best that afternoon and I wanted a longer exposure on a better day. The Athenians had a better chance. Think of seeing those sculptures, as they did, every Sunday when you went to church! Better still, though less practicable, think of having them inside—youths and maidens, chubby horses, and fine active contentions—to absorb, Sunday after Sunday, while you sat under the sermon! The expediency of having them somewhere more convenient than the museum for casual notice accounts for their reproduction under the eaves of the all-but-sacred Atheneum Club, where I discovered the procession of them one day several weeks later. Jonas, who had been in London the year before, required me to see these marbles and also the Rosetta stone, so I walked on and looked at that too. It is an excellent property, but it has told its story and is comparatively silent now,

whereas those sculptures keep on telling theirs as much as ever.

I found Sir Richard, and his wife too, and his niece from North America as well, all at the end of a week full of a prodigious discourse on matters medical and a vast entertainment of the visiting doctors, but with life and hospitality still left in them. They gave me tea, and as much assurance of interest at my coming as though they had not had innumerable doctors to dinner the night before, and they invited Jane and me to dine with them on Sunday night when they would be back from the country.

I got up on the Lord's Day with a strong sense of no time to waste and deep regret that I was not somewhere where I could waste the whole day and do it comfortably. I put on my church clothes with the understanding that church clothes are desirable at all times in London and indispensable on Sunday. But downstairs I discovered plenty of people in profane garments, most of whom presently rolled off in motor-cars, presumably to the country, thereby developing in me some passing pangs of discontent. Jane agreed to my suggestion that we should go and

worship in St. Paul's Cathedral. I think she would have agreed cheerfully to any suggestion I might have made, and I suppose I would have agreed with sincere reluctance to any suggestion of hers, or else declined it. St. Paul's was the easiest suggestion I could think of. I knew we could get there, and that we could get in, and then I thought I could sit still a considerable time, and observe monuments and absorb the atmosphere and the achievements of the admirable Sir Christopher and do nothing and still waste no time. I was even desirous to abase myself, in moderation, in the sight of the Lord for not being more pleased to be in London, and I thought I might acquire some needful details of grace and resignation from a little repose and introspection in that prayerful environment. So I did, for awhile, until I discovered that Jane could not hear what was going on and was not enjoying the service, and that she had in the back of her mind a disposition to repeat a Sunday morning visitation that she or some one known to her had once made to the Foundlings' Hospital. If we had been in New York, there would have been no trouble about such a dis-

position as that because the Foundlings' Hospital would have been moved years ago to Westchester County or Long Island, but as it was, we got up and went to the Foundlings' Hospital. It was still there, of course, and not very far off (by taxicab), but we were much too late for the public morning service that the foundlings come to, and could only parley with the imposing gatekeeper and look through the gate into their ancient and extensive grounds.

Then Jane suggested getting into a bus and going somewhere, and because that held out prospects of sitting still a long time at small expense, and because the natural alternative was to walk somewhere, and because I could think of no serviceable or attractive objection, we did, as I have said, get on a motor-bus and proceeded to Kew Gardens and Richmond.

I have always read of Richmond as a stylish and joyous place. To us it seemed fatigued with past gayeties. There were people there. Some of them were enjoying themselves. I looked at them with respect, for joy, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within us, and it is to respect those who have it and reconcile it with sobriety. Jane

and I walked along the bank, viewed the villas that ran down to it, and wondered about them. We wished we knew a little more about the place, but I still had on my Sunday clothes, and had no guide-book—nothing but a map. But I would not have read a guide-book if I had had one. At best guide-books are a distraction, and I was not at best. But without any literary assistance we acquired the impression that Richmond had passed its best bloom. It lacked bubbles. It seemed dingy. Perhaps London has grown too near it, and impaired its suburban sparkle.

We took a train back. There was some available time still and I invited Jane to go to the National Gallery. I had been there twenty odd years before, but remembered not one picture in all that collection, not even Reynolds' "Innocence." Whether it counts for righteousness in any one to be pleased with pictures and make their acquaintance, I do not know. One should hope it does, for many people who have been pleased with pictures, and have bought and sheltered them, have been persons who had need that every shred of righteousness that they could

claim should be counted and credited to them. I do not anticipate that any appreciable measure of righteousness will ever be credited to me for what I know, or ever shall know, about pictures, but I look at them with more sense of recognition than I did twenty years ago, and certainly they say more to me than they did then. And yet in those years I have done nothing about them except to look at all that offered and read about them a little sometimes in the newspapers. It is consoling to find evidence as we proceed on our course that the circumference of our ignorance is contracted a little from day to day and from year to year by what we get as we breathe, and pick up as we go along.

I was comforted by the gallery. Physically it was not especially restful. Galleries are not. But spiritually it seemed to connect me a little with the Uplift, so that I was able to agree with all of Jane's approval of it.

We dined with the Holters, in luxury and pride as it turned out, at the commodious, domesticated, London tavern where they had established themselves in apartments suitable for the entertainment of all the doctors. They gave

us meat and drink and friendship and hospitable discourse. Sir Richard questioned us about our intentions and revolved them in his helpful mind. They included a progress through Holland and Belgium. "Do you like legs?" he asked me. I told him "Yes, of course." "Then you should take a look at Ostend. Don't forget it." So I fixed Ostend in my mind as an improving place, recommended by a physician, not to be overlooked, but all this, of course, is confidential.

The dinner with Sir Richard gave me a feeling of having reached the first limb on the tree of travel. I liked very much, while it lasted, the repose of resting on it. Finding me softened in disposition, Jane dexterously suggested that we should perfect a plan to start on Tuesday morning for York and Edinburgh. I was committed to experiment with those places and reluctantly affixed the great seal of our family to Jane's plan. The next day, happily, was a week day again. Jane conducted me down Piccadilly and permitted me to discover the Burlington Arcade and even allowed me to buy an umbrella there, because I thought I had lost mine, though I hadn't. It

was only hiding. We bought railway tickets and arranged to send a trunk to Rotterdam by express. I penetrated into the Strand on errands of my own, and visited the offices of *Punch*, where, in the absence of all the artificers of that ancient paper, an obliging attendant showed me the table in which are jack-knifed so many initials of names of deserving men. At the American Embassy at half-past one I found the ambassador, and discussed with him the state and prospects of our country at the time I parted from it, the state, prospects, inhabitants, habits, and climate of Great Britain, and the expediency of having the Rockefeller hook-worm movement brought to the attention of the doctors at their closing session that evening. Then the ambassador, who is not yet a proud man (except perhaps in the season), walked along with me, expounding his satisfaction in getting back since the first of August to informal clothes and hats, remarking as we passed Buckingham Palace on the politeness of the sentries in saluting his automobile (which bears the arms of the United States) when he rode by in it, and their consideration in letting him pass unobserved when he went afoot. But

after all I suppose their consideration is due to his neglect to wear our national cockade on his hat. We walked across the Green Park and separated in Piccadilly, and he went off to his hotel, inviting Jane and me to come to tea and see his wife. I don't think I would have walked so far that day except with our ambassador, as the voyage had left me averse to unnecessary steps.

We had arranged to dine with the Dixons at their hotel. They had been in Germany, and Dixon told us of the extraordinary progress of that land since he was a student there in the Seventies. They gave us counsel. Dixon, who is a chemist, admitted that the coffee of Europe was bad according to our standards, but insisted that it was more wholesome than ours because there was less coffee in it, and more innocent adulterants. He advised us to drink it and be thankful. He advised us further as to the degree of pecuniary appreciation that the assistants to sojourners in England expected, holding that while tuppence sufficiently appeases a cabman when the distance is short, when the dial says eight pence it is suitable to pay him not less than a shilling.

So we went home bettered in understanding

and considerably refreshed in spirit, and I got to bed with a sense of having fairly well accomplished my immediate business in London, and Jane (so I learned later) with relief at the prospect that our departure in the morning would effect a lull in my exertions.

III

SUPPOSE if we would live comfortably and be happy already in this world, we must live very considerably in the imagination. That is, in a way, the spiritual life, or akin to it. To live too much in the actual world is to be constantly abraded by its defects. It is impossible to get the actual world exactly right. It is always in that state about to be, but never quite, blest that Alexander Pope described. But the imaginary world, while a fit of it lasts, is perfected. There is a popular and very gifted contemporary British story-teller who began his course in letters by tales of pure invention about things that never happened and creatures that never were. Gradually he changed the venue of his romances and brought them in out of the empyrean and anchored them to the mundane sphere, substituting for Martians and other planetary inventions, people living on Earth and having the exterior aspects of men. But they are imaginary creatures as much as ever, and our human life as he describes it is an imagined experience, not really controlled by gravity, or existence, or morals, or

any other rule to which our mortal frames are subject. I presume that is a good way to write, if one can: and the gifted person I speak of does it very profitably. And the imaginary life is the most amusing to live, especially for country dwellers, if one can compass it. I felt the need of living it as much as possible the day we went up to York, and to minimize the intrusion of actualities on our journey Jane and I travelled first class.

Every traveller to his taste about railway vehicles. For my part I like the British trains. They are like the British hotels in being more domestic than ours. My imagination is a better habitat for me when I can smoke a little. Jane does n't mind tobacco smoke in moderation, so she and I in our travels up and down England usually got into a smoking carriage. And when we did n't we were apt, if we went first class, to have a carriage to ourselves with smoking privileges. That is real luxury in travel, more of it, it seems to me, than the Pullman company, or any railroad company, gives us here at home. If a traveller would smoke on one of our trains, he must detach himself from what is conceded to be the

chief refining, uplifting, and improving influence of American life, and go off to the end of the train and smoke with a lot of over-fumigated men. That makes smoking too important; also too troublesome. I dare say we ought not to smoke at all, but if one is ever to smoke it will be when he travels, and to insist and plan that he shall have tobacco only at cost of detachment from his great Antidote is so mistaken as to be almost immoral.

I was very glad to sit by the window opposite my Antidote on our various stages of travel to Edinburgh and back, and smoke a cigarette from time to time or keep a pipe alight, without foregoing the solace of her companionship. Besides that, to my mind the seats of a good English railway carriage are more agreeably sustaining than Pullman seats are, and its windows that lower from the top are vastly better to look out of than ours that raise from the bottom and put a broad band of wood across the field of vision. The British railway windows beat ours; there is no doubt of it. In some of them a heavy pane of plate glass slides up and down in its slot, so, wherever it stops, there is nothing to obstruct the

vision. Our car-windows are bad. The great mass of our patient people don't know it, because they have never seen any other kind, but in the elimination of the blemishes on our civilization, now so gaily proceeding, the turn of the car-windows will come after a while and they will be made to let down like carriage windows, instead of opening upwards like portcullises.

At least I think they will. Of course it is possible that a wheel may come off our chariot of progress before it gets to car-windows. Or the good English may conclude that our kind of railroading is better adapted to the needs of a democratic society than theirs is, and adopt it, car-windows and all. I hope they won't. We get enough of ours at home.

Jane kept pointing out to me the poppies in the wheat. The flowers that I have seen used at home for the embellishment of wheat-fields have usually been Canada thistles, field daisies, mustard, and wild carrot, which do well enough, but are not to be compared with poppies for purposes of agricultural decoration. I was charmed with the poppies; also with the churches, little and big; also with the harvest, which was proceeding

everywhere as we went along. They seem to plant and reap in that country just as diligently as though there were no wheat-fields in Minnesota and Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and no daily assurance that England would starve immediately Britannia eased up in the least mite in her historic employment of ruling the wave. Once we saw cathedral towers in the distance. Now and then we passed a town with a tall, high-shouldered abbey church. There has not been much in our newspapers about the abbeys in the last twenty years and I had pretty much forgotten about them. Of course they are our abbeys, which we had to leave behind when we migrated, and I was very gradually and increasingly interested in re-discovering them. One can't forget the cathedrals—they are too big and beautiful and well preserved; but the whole tale of civilization by abbeys and the final decline and collapse of that system had slipped out of my mind. It may be that our excellent country is at some disadvantage in not being littered up with any remnants of the Middle Ages. They make one think, those remnants do. We have some Indian mounds and those curious Aztec ruins in Central America and

some cliff-dwellings and such things that may be middle-aged. But they are not our family properties. They are things that we have moved in on top of. But these British abbeys and cathedrals and old parish churches, and more in Normandy, and more and various other reminders in Germany and Italy and the rest of Europe, are the very moulds in which we were cast.

I did not do more on this journey than discover the existence of the ruined abbeys. We missed the best of them which are accessible from York and saw only those that we stumbled over because they were in our way. But discovery is something, for after all, the main fact about them is that they were, and lasted longer than anything of ours has lasted yet in North America, and are not.

Which of our cherished and heavily endowed institutions, do you suppose, will in due time fulfill their mission and go the way of the abbeys? We have nothing I can think of to compare with them except our apparatus of education, which runs so fast nowadays to brick, stone, marble, and cement. Is it conceivable that some day the soul of man will rise up against our cherished

universities and declare that the shell of them has grown too heavy for the snail, that they have run too much to bricks and stone and not enough to spirit and to truth? When commercial and fiscal monopolies have all been curbed, will there come a searching of the Knowledge trusts and charges of monopoly against them?

I guess not, because though the abbeys are ruined, the universities in the older countries still flourish, and in England some of them are still large holders of what once was abbey property. Perhaps it is our office buildings that are fated to be our exemplary ruins. Masonry seems never to have saved a people; never even to have saved itself. When the spirit goes out of it, down it comes. It all rests, like everything else, in faith and its derivatives, and if faith crumbles under it, it drops. Men love it, it is so strong and it may be so beautiful. They mourn at its decay and piously uncover and preserve its remnants. And in that they do well, for there is a grim, high courage that may proceed out of them; an understanding of the vast, remorseless justice that directs life, and decrees immutably that what is rotten or outgrown shall fall.

Those ruined abbeys make you think. I wish we had some. We need to think a good deal, nowadays. We read instead. The typewriter and the telephone are convenient, but they won't save us, and maybe not even the newspaper.

We walked along the wall at York to the Cathedral. I liked the wall. On our former journey to England Jane and I had examined Chester, and I remembered our satisfaction with the wall there. Coming down from Edinburgh I tried to get sight of the old Roman wall against the Picts lately reëdified in stories by Rudyard Kipling, but no visible remnant of it was reasonably accessible. There are excellent gates in that wall at York, as good as new, where rebels' heads were wont to be exposed. My! my! What a long, long slough of killings our English history wades through! It makes one ashamed to be impatient with Mexico for a year or two of butchering and loot while government is changing heads. Think of having a wall and a moat between you and persons of different views! And think of their being an effectual protection! I suppose our newspaper governed world is freer and safer and possibly pleasanter than that world of

walled-towns, and the immediate agent in improvement seems to have been gunpowder. It seems a toss-up between the Bible Society and the Duponts which is contributing most effectively to civilization. I suppose, too, that a good many carefully maintained defences of our newspapered society are as obsolete for practical uses as these walls of York, only we don't know it. The walls are admirably interesting, a fine promenade, a profitable attraction to visitors, a very valuable civic property. Apparently our great wall against the intrusion of persons of different views upon us and our opinions is the Constitution of the United States and the power of the Federal Courts to declare new statutes unconstitutional. And just how stiff a rampart that is, who can say? It looks substantial. It has been kept in repair. There are weather stains and moss on it; it shows the action of the elements; but one questions at times if there is *give* enough to it, to stand up much longer under the impact of modern projectiles. And there are the Monroe Doctrine, and trial by jury, and monogamous marriage, and pretty much all the rights of property, all heartily and frankly assailed in these

times. Has the store of Bibles and explosives so much increased and improved in our day as to make these venerable defences, or any of them, obsolete? At any rate, the practice of posting traitors' heads on their gates is pretty well gone out of fashion.

But the Cathedral is not obsolete. It may be more commodious than the spiritual needs of the present population of York require, but it is alive. And it's none too big to look at, which seems to be the chief end of British cathedrals nowadays. You cannot educate the eye without sights, and the eye is worth a good deal of education. The complexions of these old beauties, their weather-stained grays—how soothing they must be to live with! The best complexions in London are the skins of the Wren churches.

It is a shame to destroy good property as the Parliamentarians and Presbyterians did when they massacred the stone saints in so many English cathedrals. It was a loss to style and to architecture, but I did not find myself able to feel that it was a loss to religion. In the cathedral-building time the market for saints was strong and they seem to have been considerably oversub-

scribed. Not only the cathedrals were cluttered up with them, but so was the whole Christian religion. You can't base a religion on saints. It's like trying to base a law on experts. They don't agree. This is a delicate subject because the saints are still respected, and large numbers of our fellow citizens still value them highly as interveners. I found, however, that as a Twentieth Century Protestant, while I regretted the impaired museum and auction value of the carvings in the Lady-chapel at Ely, I did, as a rule, sustain the judgment of the seventeenth century Presbyterians that saints had come to be an encumbrance on religion and that the granite ones, at least, needed to be dispossessed. They do very well in hymns, when marshalled in platoons, but I cannot see, any more than those Parliamentarians could, that our religion is any the clearer from being filtered through so many saints. The Scriptural, apostolic saints are important, though faulty. As for the rest, the tendency of the Middle Ages seems to have been to rely for salvation too much on middle-men, which is not economic, and not to be encouraged.

These matters I should have discussed with

my learned friend, Osborn, who knows more about the Middle Ages than most of us will ever know about anything. He would have expounded to me the mind of the Middle Ages and how it had to have saints just as York had to have walls, and how ignorant and narrow it is to rail at granite saints or granite walls because in the twentieth century they seem out of date. We went over to see him the next day, but meanwhile, with the help of a hack driver, Jane and I inspected the rest of York, including the little old hidden-away church which has posted in its vestibule a typewritten recommendation to tourists and their shillings out of *Harper's Magazine* from Mr. Howells. Also the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, and the rest of the wall, and were very much charmed and edified with all of it.

The learned Osborn and his wife were staying at a hydro about fifteen miles up the road. I did not speak to him of the Middle Ages at all. I had barely discovered them, and had not yet been able to connect them anywhere with modern life and the newspapers. Nothing is really interesting except in so far as we can con-

nect it with ourselves, but if we only know enough, there is nothing that we cannot connect with ourselves. Everything that is or ever was, is connected with us: we are cousins to all creation, but it takes a somewhat practised penetration to trace the tie. Mr. Henry Adams, in a book about St. Michel and Chartres, has connected us Americans of English derivation very intimately and agreeably with the Middle Ages in Normandy, but I did not know that at that time and could not know that Osborn knew it, and therefore did not extract it from him. That was my great loss, for he can think like a man of the Middle Ages just as Disco Troop in Kipling's story could think like a cod. The best I had been able to do to connect myself with the long past had been to inquire of the verger in York Cathedral of Archbishop Adrian Scroope, from whom Disco Troop and I, with some help from tradition, and barring a few breaks, can both trace descent—probably collateral, because, I suppose, it was irregular before the Reformation for Archbishops to have descendants.

Osborn of the Middle Ages and his wife who belongs to our time met us, shocking to

say, in a Ford motor, most modern of contraptions. Their hydro—a hydro is a water cure—was on the edge of the Yorkshire moors, and was filled with respectable British people undergoing, not a cure, but an ordinary process of summer recuperation. They seemed to work at it diligently, and to get benefit. One respected them for liking it. The ability to endure sober and respectable recreations like hydros and cricket is a very valuable racial endowment. The Osborns confessed that they impaired the benefit they might have got from the seemly discipline of the hydro by daily forays in the impenitent Ford out into the surrounding country—to Sheffield, Leeds, and prettier places like York and Fountains Abbey. In the Ford, in due time, they carried us off to Leeds, regaled us there magnificently with tea and manifold cakes, and put us on the train for Edinburgh.

Alas for the perversity of our poor minds that think the thoughts they think instead of those they should think. When I think of Edinburgh I think first of the little elevator boy in the hotel who warmed Jane's heart by always saying "Thank you!" when he threw open the

doors of the lift. I owe that cheerful child a shilling. Somehow I missed him as he passed me, and that is what I have to think of when I think of him.

The wonderful Scotch! Out of how frugal a corner have they proceeded to inherit the earth! I saw Andrew Carnegie's portrait in a gallery that was open, and I saw the Canongate, and the very modest dwelling of the Regent Murray, the diminutive habitation where lived John Knox! We got a line from the consul to say we were not suffragettes and a permit on the strength of it to see Holyrood. The hydro must have been a gay place compared with Holyrood with the Canongate for a shopping district. Poor Mary!

The Canongate makes you understand the old-time poverty of Scots, and why they leaned so hard on the consolations of learning, whiskey, and religion. Scotland, *arida nutrix* of engineers and story-tellers and preachers ; how poor she was, and what a debt we owe her! And she is a fairly good collector in these days.

I confess that I did not get Edinburgh coördinated. It is a two-story town; a three-story

town, if you count the castle. One day is not enough for so glorious and complicated a city. Perhaps when I go back I shall like Sir Walter's monument better and correct the impression that too much of it is monument and not nearly enough Sir Walter. Perhaps I shall even modify the impression gathered in the Canongate of the old-time poverty of Scotland, but I guess not, for that is sustained by too many jokes of the times following James I, and his coming down to London to be king with his hungry retinue behind him. What a strange human habit it has been to have hereditary kings, and what extraordinary selections it has forced even on sensible and practical people like the English! Government begins in force and proceeds in superstition. Superstition promptly crystallizes in axioms like "The king can do no wrong," and "Just government rests on the consent of the governed," which form a working hypothesis under which the immediate governing is done by those who have the gift and the nerve, with the Great Ruler always in the background and His inflexible intentions forever working out according to Law.

I wish there could be a report by Dr. Flexner on the Scots and how they came so, and whether they owe their great place in the world, and in literature and the hearts of men, to poverty, the Presbyterian religion, whiskey, or oatmeal. Certainly they lived in the imagination and a good deal on it, having so little else to live on. It is a hard life, but very spirited while it lasts, which, usually, is not long. It is fine for the health to have enough to eat, and to go dry-shod and clothed in cold weather, and to wash, and sleep warm, but it seems not to be particularly good for the spirit. We see such splendid results from poverty, hard fare, and short commons, that one would think it would become the fashion. Not so. Those who embrace it are not admired. What we most admire in poverty is its power to make out of some materials strong people who can beat it, and either get rich or otherwise become glorious and respected. But especially we admire those who get rich. That is what poverty, combined with a strong climate, whiskey, oatmeal, and religion, did for the Scots. It qualified them to get rich, glorious, and respected. They seem to have no Franciscan sentiments about

poverty. They think nothing of it, and that is a sound opinion, for the fear of it is its best trait. It's not healthy; it's not pleasant. It makes for short life and short language. But it seems to be about as healthy as extreme wealth, which makes for small families, large expectations, and distaste for exertion.

The great drawbacks of poverty are relative. Short commons are not so bad, but it hurts to be too much poorer than other people of your own sort, and all the time falling in the social scale. I suppose the Scots, with the clan and the Kirk, and a lively and apprehensive community of interest in the possibilities of the future life, held so large a spiritual and sentimental property in common, and held it so hard, that they were less put out than most peoples would have been by not having material blessings enough to go 'round. Where very few people get rich they have to keep on associating with the poor, because there is no one else to play with. Where many people get rich they play with one another, find that more convenient, and easily and naturally tend to become detached from close association with persons who have not succeeded

in expressing themselves in money. Of course that is a terrible price to pay for affluence, but it takes more talent to avoid paying it than it takes to make money. In our abnormally prosperous country this social separation automatically induced by money bears very hard and unfavorably on the affluent, who fail to get a profitable variety of association. But no doubt that will be better presently. The bulk of American wealth is extremely new, and has n't formed settled habits. It is entitled to be excused for many faults and drawbacks on account of the immense good it has done. For one thing it has added valuably to length of days. People live so much better and are so much more skillfully doctored that a reasonably large percentage of them in our time come to years of discretion. People that have any sense coming to them at all are apt to get it by the time they are sixty—though stubborn cases take longer. With the young so bumptious and confident as they are getting to be, it is not an unimportant matter that the proportion of the population that has passed even forty should be so much larger than it used to be.

One of the blessings that the increase of wealth

and commerce is conferring upon mankind is the five o'clock tea-habit. Of course it has spread to the Land of Freedom, but our country has not gripped it yet with the same tenacity that England has. Our clubs are coming to it fast, to the detriment of John Barleycorn. Our railroads don't recognize it yet, but it's time they did. Jane and I found this agreeable practice scrupulously solemnized on the way down from Edinburgh to Harwich. At about four o'clock trays of tea and bread-and-butter would appear on the station platforms to be passed in at the railway-carriage window when we stopped, and passed out again at some station further on. Another lively little boy with manners won Jane's heart and sixpence somewhere between York and Peterborough by the amiable alacrity with which he did this consoling service. Services by the hand, done with good will, are one great charm of travel in that agreeable country where the people still a little outnumber the machines.

We discovered more abbeys in this journey down east England; Melrose and Dryburgh in regular course while we paid our dutiful respects to Sir Walter, and another by sheer luck. Ely and

Cambridge did not take all the day we had for the little journey from Peterborough to Harwich, so, at a venture, we stopped off at Bury Saint Edmunds and found great treasures,—especially the imposing gateway (all there is left) of the abbey of Saint Edmunds, one of the largest and richest of them all. There were other treasures of antiquity in that town,—a Pickwick inn, men actually playing at bowls on a bowling green, a house where Louis Philippe, or some such French person, had lived after he ceased to be needed at home. And at Bury, being about to adventure beyond the precincts of the English tongue, I had my hair cut,—not wishing of course to have it cut in Dutch or French. It was done by a “hair-dresser” over a perfumery shop. I discovered that there are no barbers in England nor any shoe-blacks. Shoes are blacked privately and very ill, being first detached from the wearer, and hair is cut by hair-dressers, who still employ the rotary brushes you see in John Leech’s pictures. Strange customs, but interesting to antiquarians!

Finding Bury was like finding a good chair in a junk-shop. Our perverse minds prefer the un-

expected. At Peterborough, what really bit into my poor intelligence was not so much the cathedral which we went to see, as the lively Saturday night market, which I discovered in a vagrant sortie, crowded with people and embellished with street stands, especially fish-mongers' stands where periwinkles were sold to be eaten as you stood. That was a fleeting show that could be taken in and digested in half an hour. There are advantages about a small show when you have little time to give to it. I got more out of the three hours we spent in Bury than out of the three hours we spent in Cambridge, because there was so much less to see in Bury that one had time to take it in. The gateway of the abbey of Saint Edmunds is my clear mental possession, what there is of it, but Durham, Peterborough, and Ely cathedrals are a moving picture in my head, and Cambridge is another. Nevertheless, the eye does learn even from fleeting impressions, and out of a succession of things worth seeing, too briefly seen, there does come increased power to see what you look at, and to appreciate its qualities. And what men have built is better and sounder history than the printed page is apt to be.

But I guess cathedrals were not made to be inspected on the run, two or three a day, with ruined abbeys on the side. An active motor-car tourist in a good country can do as many as that without undue exertion, but I'm not sure the motor-car tourist ever digests anything but gasoline. Cathedrals are hardly a quick-lunch-counter dish, even in our precipitous, machine-made phase of creation. But there is this to say, that even a scurry of travel stirs up one's interest in new lines of reading. The merest glance around in an interesting country is enough to disclose that there is something about it that is worth knowing, and make you interested when you run across a fragment of that something in a book.

So Jane and I, having wondered for nine days at the marvels of the three kingdoms, took ship at Harwich for the Hook of Holland.

IV

WE were to meet our cousins at Rotterdam and travel with them to Paris by such easy stages as they might arrange. I agreed to this plan and approved of it, but was somewhat daunted by the fear that they might want to do something that I would not want to do. To be sure I could not see that I had, so far, wanted to do much of anything we had done (though my great activities in London and our foray to Edinburgh were of my devising), but if not, that was due entirely to my incapacity to formulate wishes, which was just a natural detail of the hardship of being in Europe. The choice I had had was between doing what I did not want to do and doing nothing, which is the choice so extensively offered to us in this life. But there is a worse thing than doing what you don't want to, and that is to be so much afraid of disliking what you may have to do, that you miss your fun. That is such a terrible mistake that I resolved by no means to fall into it. It is less trouble to like what you get than to get what you like, anyhow, and I was still for saving myself trouble.

Our boat was to get in at about five o'clock in the morning, and connect with a train to Rotterdam. There was another train about two hours later. We had to determine beforehand which to catch, and agreed to have our sleep out and take the second one. Having reached that sensible decision we slept without a care, and being waked, of course, by the noises of arrival, scrambled by mutual consent into our belongings and took the first train. For what was the use of lying awake on a noisy boat after you had arrived?

So it is often that our most useful decisions are those we revoke as soon as we have skimmed the preliminary good off of them. It is a great mistake to think a decision is of no use because you don't abide by it. A decision is just an accepted hypothesis that you work on until you get new light. If it serves until the completion of the process it belongs to, that ought to be enough.

On the station platform I first made acquaintance with the motto of Holland: *Verboten Sputen*. That, and kindred precepts, in sight wherever the tourist turns, give him his first aid to European languages and manners.

The two ladies, our cousins, had a proud

apartment waiting for us in their hotel. It looked out on the river, which is as good to look at as anything I saw in Rotterdam. With this excellent beginning these kind ladies took entire charge of us. It was like going up on the moving stairs. It was even easier than being carried in the civilization of England. They had been several months in Europe and were practised travellers; had recovered energy so as to be able to read guide-books; had a good judgment about hotels, and not so much ardor of inspection but what even I could keep up with them. Piloted by these indulgent guides we spent ten or twelve days in the Low Countries and looked at Rotterdam, The Hague, Delft, Haarlem, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges, and brought up at Ostend. To me it was all like a first bath, not much as washing, but worth while as an adventure in habits. What you want from travel is not so much knowledge as pictures in your mind. If you have the pictures, you can supplement them with information out of books when you get around to it. Information abounds so that the great problem is how to store it, but there is no problem about storing mental pic-

tures. If you have them, you have them always handy.

I got a few pictures of Holland into my gallery—cows in very damp, flat meadows; more cows; other and different cows; bulls; flower farms, truck gardens, tall Dutch houses with hoisting pulleys in their top gables, canals, boats, windmills. But the best pictures in Holland are the painted ones.

It was proposed at Amsterdam that we should go to a cheese market in a nearby village, but it was n't the right day and we did n't go. I wondered why there should be this obligation to go off to see a cheese market, but nobody explained beyond saying that the people and their costumes were interesting. I suppose the explanation is that the great Dutch factory that consumes almost everything that grows in Holland except what the people eat and what they sell as bulbs, and the gin, is the cow, and that the further manufacture and sale of the products of the cow get attention in proportion to their local importance.

This may not be a reliable explanation, but it fits in well with the cows in my mental picture.

As for the painted pictures, there are a great

many good ones in Holland, as every one knows, and I looked at those that were offered wherever we went. Even while we were in London, in those crowded three days Jane and I had walked through the National Gallery and I had found it abundantly consoling and wanted more of the same treatment, and from the admirable little gallery at The Hague to the Memlings at Bruges I took pleasure in the pictures. The painters are editors of life, and life is a fairly rough composition, and is usually the better for skillful editing. I don't know how important the great painters have been as compared with other notables, but it is with them as it is with the writers, when you get to know them a little you find they have given form to many of the world's ideas. Our religion especially is a narrative of actions and sayings of people whom we see, not as we ourselves imagined them, but as they were imagined and set forth by Leonardo, Raphael, and their brethren. Just as words by some inexplicable magic are able to transmit spirit, emotion, belief, from writer to reader, so the painters by their art contrive a like transmission. Their distinguished acquaintance is the better worth while the more

you make it. Wandering through galleries is a process of getting acquainted with painters, and gradually absorbing what they have to say. There is a large family of them, but no two of them express themselves alike, nor does it take knowledge of art to recognize the pictures of a painter whom you know. Just as you recognize familiar handwriting, so you recognize the manner of a familiar painter. So the galleries, as you go from city to city, offer you this gentle excitement of meeting again the painters whom you know and getting further discourse from them, and making or perfecting new acquaintances.

But it is a long step from knowing some of the painters and being able to recognize their manner in their pictures, to being able to discourse to edification about the qualities of their honorable work. A common-sense judge may usually make sound decisions, but it takes a real jurist to give sound reasons for them. Any of us may find happiness in pictures, but I suspect that only bonded experts with certificates should be permitted to talk about them. I suppose one can learn an art-critic patter which will pass for sense, and even imply intelligent discrimination,

but that is little worth, and too much trouble unless one is a showman. And since it is mortifying to say the wrong thing and immediately suspect that you have said it, as good a way as any for beginning art-sharps is to settle upon some general term of approbation and stick to that. Thus, if you say that the "Night Watch" is a corker, that Rubens' achievements in Antwerp Cathedral are corkers, that Raphael's portrait of Castiglione in the Louvre is a corker, that Leonardo's "St. Anne," and Reynolds' "Age of Innocence" are corkers, you have expressed your feelings without running any risk of putting your emphasis in the wrong place. The only thing you will miss will be correction, and that is valuable only when it proceeds from some one who knows more than you do. When you meet such a person it may pay to relieve your art-feelings in more detail, since nothing is more instructive than to say what is not so in the presence of some one competent and willing to set you right.

Perhaps it will not be too adventurous to suggest that the Dutch and Flemish painters, with due exceptions, leaned more to the concerns of the body and physical life, and the Italian paint-

ers to the soul and spiritual life. At any rate, the Italian painters seemed to me to be thinking a good deal about salvation, and the Dutchmen and Flemings about money and its derivatives. And yet at Antwerp, Rubens, whom I had previously associated a good deal with fat ladies, looms up very strong as a pious painter. But then, if I had a license, I should be tempted to suggest, subject to correction, that Rubens was a great story-teller—Walter Scott and Dumas working with buckets of paint—and out of his prodigious energy and abundance of everything pictorial could paint anything that had a story in it.

Besides going to galleries we looked about, inspected The Hague and Scheveningen, motored in and out of the narrow canal banks of Delft, voyaged on the canals of Amsterdam, and saw the wonderful, gloomy, red-haired, primeval-man monkey that had just joined its zoo. At Antwerp we saw in our hotel an equally wonderful modern-man at his dinner. He was a capacious man. He sat at a small table by himself and alone, except for the company of the head waiter, with whom from time to time he conversed. I

could not see what he ate, and of course did not try to. I suppose he just ate down through the bill of fare, whatever it was. But I could not help noticing what he drank. Starting with sherry or some appetizer to an extent that I did not note, not realizing at first that he was a prodigy, he next had brought to him in a basket a dusty quart bottle of claret. That he drank up very leisurely but in a copious sort of way out of tumblers, along with whatever he was eating, and then the waiter brought him what seemed to be beer, in a decanter. Then we all began to be as interested as was consistent with deportment. It must have been at least a quart of beer, for this was not a man who did anything by pints. About that time we finished our dinner and left the dining-room, but not he. Half an hour later I made an errand for purposes of observation and he was still complacently at dinner and drinking champagne, and later still he was drinking brandy with his coffee. He was the greatest live artist we saw in the Low Countries, a descendant, no doubt, of the substantial men that Franz Hals has put into so many groups that hang in Haarlem. The tranquillity of his performance was as

notable as its extent. His method of putting in beer between claret and champagne was edifying, and to me, novel, but whether it was a detail personal to him, or a bit of strategy generally to be recommended in feats of ingurgitation, I do not know, and in these times drinking on the Gargantuan scale is so little practised by really thoughtful people that it is hard to get an opinion about that beer that would really carry weight.

At Brussels Jane disclosed her first faint response to the increasing propinquity of Paris by showing a little interest in the shops, and buying something to wear. At some previous period of her early life, loosely defined in our family as the Dawn of History, she had bought a successful frock in Brussels, and remembered it to the credit of the taste of that town.

Brussels seemed to be undergoing extensive improvements, which reminded us painfully of home, but we liked its park. And Jane and I motored out to Waterloo to the betterment both of our minds and spirits. All the places we had been to were scenes of so many occurrences that I had forgotten, that I was glad to devote a whole afternoon to the scene of an occurrence

that I remembered about. I even climbed the great mound, which I discovered was a Belgian monument, and the lion that tops it off, a Belgian lion, and not the rampageous and respected *nemo me impune lacessit* (Do not fool with my tail) British lion, as I had always ignorantly supposed, though without any clear idea of how the British arranged for such a perch for their historic lion in Belgium.

I have never been to Gettysburg, but I understand that is now the pattern battlefield of the world, and I dare say that when the backward Europeans have got to know about it, and seen what improvements a battlefield can sustain, they will fix up Waterloo with more embellishments. As it is, its most appealing adornment is the French wounded eagle. Of the Belgian lion no qualified critic seems to approve. It is spoken of as a wretched animal that ought to be in an infirmary.

I had instructions, as has been told, from a high authority in London to include Ostend in our itinerary. Jane was agreeable to that adventure, and the cousins accepted it as part of the plan. Cousin Althea had to go off to Paris from

Brussels, but Cousin Felicia conducted us faithfully up the road to Ostend with a flying, taxicab inspection of Ghent, and a day and two nights at Bruges. I had nowhere near enough historical perspective to do justice to either of these cities, and was a little tired anyhow of churches and galleries and guild-halls, and would cheerfully have skipped through Bruges as fast as through Ghent and gone on to get a taste of modern life. But Cousin Felicia knew better than to do that. Thanks to her, I saw Bruges and its belfry and its Memlings. I did not like it, but it was good for me. My impression of Bruges is that it is a nice receiving-vault for persons not yet quite dead. Charles the Bold and his daughter have distinguished tombs in a church there, but they are dead and it is all right for them. If Charles were alive, he would not be in Bruges but at Ostend.

Ostend is entirely different. Our errand there, as by my instructions, was to inspect the bathers. Cousin Felicia pretty much skipped the errand, but Jane and I were faithful to it. We walked down on the beach, and the first bather we noticed was sitting in the sun on the back steps of

a bathing machine taking the air. She was a lady bather, and it seemed to me that at least sixty per cent of her was handsome, bare, white legs. Jane thought seventy per cent. We went on, very much encouraged, to where the bathing was still active. It was just as you have so often read about or seen in pictures. One very much abbreviated garment, such as men bathers wear here, is what most of the women wear there. The effect is interesting and cheering. Jane and I both liked it very much and hung about till lunch time getting lessons in civilization. It was very improving. You can't tell what you admire until you have seen it. Here at home we have been working along up from pantalettes, and have come after some generations to a convention that lets men into water fairly free from excess of raiment and has shortened the bathing skirt of women. But it still prescribes the skirt and stockings for women. But at Ostend, and I guess all up and down that shore from Scheveningen to Gibraltar, the bathing girls and women are emancipated both from skirts and stockings. And they look very nice, and quite proper, because propriety is all convention. A girl in tights in the water at

Ostend was more conspicuous, and therefore seemed less modest than her bare-legged sisters, while the women in skirts and stockings (there were a few) seemed conspicuously prudish, and less suitably clad than the rest. "Proper" really means suitable, and the single-piece suits the girls wore were certainly suitable, and therefore presumably proper. Jane was dubious about the propriety of the mothers who fastened their skirts up about their waists and went in wading with their children (and many others not mothers did the same), but I loved the emancipation of all of it, especially as the people seemed respectable and not unduly gay, and all ages of women wore the same bathing garb. When I read in Paris a few days later that a woman in a slit bathing skirt had been mobbed at Atlantic City and chased from the beach, I blushed for the brutal barbarity of my countrymen.

After lunch I went back to the bathers, and by observing the habits of the people, contrived to get a bathing machine and have a swim myself. It confirmed my impression that on the west coast of Europe they know a great deal more about the proper way to go in swimming than we do. Jane

declined my invitation to go in. She approved, but was not to that manner born, and was not ready to abandon the reservations of a lifetime.

The next morning I took another observation of the bathers, wondering how we could import their convention about costume, and whether it came down from Eden or up from pantalettes, and towards noon we went along to Paris.

It was nice after the levels of the Low Countries to get sight again of rolling land and diversified husbandries. Cousin Felicia was for stopping off at Amiens and looking at the cathedral. I was not enlightened enough at that time to give her proper encouragement, and it rained, which went against her, and we were not sure and could not learn whether our train stopped at Amiens anyway, so we did n't stop. I suppose it was no loss to me because there is no use of overfeeding a small appetite for Norman Gothic, but since then, and all as a consequence of these journeys, I have developed good beginnings of an appetite for Amiens.

The Paris railway porters are not fatherly. I expected to be handled at the Paris station as though it had been London. Not so; no one

offered, and I had to handle myself and four or five bags through a surging crowd. We do better, much better than that, even in New York.

Cousin Althea had awaiting us admirable rooms in a very nice little hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. I looked out on the Tuileries Gardens and sighed with satisfaction, then rambled in the rain up the Rue de Rivoli arcade, pleased, very much, with the thought of going loose again in a large city. For of course when you travel with a party and do appointed things with them, and lie down when they do to get necessary sleep, and rise when they do to catch trains, the bonds of interdependence are necessarily more appreciable than when with the same party you alight in Paris for ten days. We had Cousin Theodora, too, at our hotel in Paris, but, since it was Paris, Jane and all three cousins had plenty to do and thankfully turned me loose in the world to follow the impulses of my own machinery.

I do not speak the language of France so that it meets with local recognition, but I found that franc-pieces not only had many of the delightful accomplishments which I had observed in shillings, but the particularly useful one to me that

they spoke intelligibly the language of the country. The chauffeurs and cochers understand them, and will convey you anywhere you think you want to go if you can pronounce or write down the name of it. I found my writing usually went with the cochers even when my pronunciations failed to penetrate, so I could get about without any trouble and with a joyful sense of recovered volition, and a proud confidence in my capacity to get back to the hotel.

You can learn the geography of countries — all you need to know — out of atlases and do learn it at school, but for some reason it has not occurred, or appealed, to the directors of education to teach the geography of the important cities in that way. The geography of London or of Paris is more important to us Americans than that of most of the countries on the map, but the only way we seem ever to learn it is to visit those cities and walk in their streets with their maps in our hands. That is what I did in Paris, except that I found the fiacres a more satisfactory means of locomotion than my feet, and cheaper, and employed them freely.

There was talk of our being conducted to

Tours and the chateaux by Cousin Theodora, but I could not see that anything could be more profitable to me for the little time we had than to stick to the Rue de Rivoli and nibble steadily at Paris. Going to Tours looked like leaving a promising meal at the soup course and skipping off somewhere to get a demi-tasse. So we stayed in Paris. I argued further that as there was no waste of time or opportunity in getting a notion of Paris before branching out into the provinces, so there would be no waste of time in inspecting the Louvre, since as Paris was concentrated France, the Louvre in a way was concentrated Paris. Moreover, it was nearby and I could get there and get back, so for five or six days I walked the Louvre for an hour or two every morning till I had some idea of its content. That left the rest of the day for exercises in geography or discovery, or for the pursuit of pleasure or improvement with Jane and some of our cousins in motor-cars. One day we went to the Bois to a delectable place where the company was amusing, and I got new and good ideas about what can be served with afternoon tea. Another afternoon we went to Barbizon and Fontainebleau,

a wonderful ride full of beauties and diversified with aeroplanes, to a palace fully furnished, with the clocks running and the beds made, waiting apparently for any one the Fates might have in store for France. On a Sunday afternoon we motored to St. Germain and Versailles and saw the fountains play, and meditated—I did—a good deal on what had been, and what ailed it, and what was, and what might be.

Jane and I went together to the Luxembourg one morning, but for the most part Jane went her way in the mornings with or without our cousins on errands connected with attire, and other errands, and I went mine, gaining every day a little more energy of adventure. Cousin Althea had Lucas's "Wanderer in Paris," and as my curiosity rose I consulted it, to my advantage. And so in the course of ten days I got roughly the lay of the streets, and a general notion, pricked out with some bright particulars, of what was in the Louvre; incidentally discovering Italy and the Renaissance, and becoming gradually conscious of the existence of the Medici family and their energy as patrons of art and providers and collectors of good things.

Possibly if I had had a companion of just the right age and temperament, I would have examined again the nocturnal spectacles of Montmartre, and seen if there were any changes, and if the same girls were dancing there that I saw when I went with the young doctors in the year '92. But there is no joy in beating up a town by one's self, and twenty years is a long time, and Henry Hobson, Beaux Arts Student and coeval of Jonas, who was so friendly with us all, was too young for me to go with, and needed his sleep besides; so I only saw Montmartre by daylight on Sunday when Cousin Felicia took us up there to see the churches and the view.

I did not care for the Montmartre churches, but the cemetery of Père La Chaise, which, as a suitable Sunday show, we went to see that same afternoon, was an excellent and instructive entertainment which I was loath to leave.

I felt an obligation, part geographical, part sociological, to inspect the Boulevards in the evening, and Henry Hobson dutifully conducted me in a fiacre through the chief of them on both sides of the river, so that I could admire the population of Paris, sitting in and out of the cafés.

That is an attractive habit they have, and they are fortunate in having the sidewalk space and leisure to cultivate it, though I don't know that it takes more time than baseball, and it comes mostly after working hours.

Another habit that I admired was one that found expression in the fiacres that came all through the later hours of the evening across the Place de la Concorde and up the Rue de Rivoli, each fiacre containing a lady and a gentleman, in a propinquity the most confidential. My ! my ! the Quaker meeting fashion of association has never prospered to hurt in France. The brave and the fair become acquainted and remain so in that country, and that is the main reason, I suspect, why its civilization is so hard to beat. Any one who has fears for the future of France has only to put his head out of a front window on the Rue de Rivoli at midnight, and see the confidential fiacres alternating with the country produce carts on their way to the markets, and he cannot but be reassured.

I suppose the Place de la Concorde was the kitchen garden or hen-run of Clovis or Pepin or some other early French person—or was a

jousting course, maybe. The splendid spaces of Paris, that seem so enviable to visitors from our penned-in, square-cut New York, seem all to have been saved up for the pleasure of great people who knew what was what and how to get it. I was constantly impressed in Paris (and I suppose it is even more noticeable in the chateaux country) with the great convenience of having kings and other rich and powerful people, to save parks and forests and open spaces, and build, and collect pictures and develop taste in furniture and decoration, to make things handsome and edifying against the great incoming of democracy. In the end everything seems to get back to the people as the rivers run into the sea. There is no other reservoir deep and strong enough to hold the accumulating works of men.

Jane, with the complicity of Mrs. Osborn (of the Middle Ages), had engaged lodgings for us in London, and one morning, after a look at the flower market and a last visit on my part to the Louvre, we started off for Calais with Cousin Theodora, who was to be our fellow lodger. The events of the journey were the memorable *ome-*

lette à la paysanne on the train, and the girl on the boat in the summer dress, who sat out through the wind and what rain we had, without coat or cover, blued a little, but unflinching. As to the omelette, of all the food for which I was thankful in France I was thankfulest for that, partly no doubt because I came to it hungry, but considerably, I am sure, for its great merit. Think of being fed on a train in a manner to be gratefully remembered!

It rained a little as we crossed, and the wind was fresh, and the storm-queen girl in the summer dress troubled Jane and me. But she would have nothing done, and possibly it was that, like Lord Ullin's daughter, she had fears of troubles worse than storm, and was following a method that had neither give nor take in it.

Tea and its belongings in a Pullman train, and we got to London and duly to our lodgings there, and to new and totally different experiments with contemporary life.

V

UR speculation in lodgings we owed to a private discussion between Jane and Mrs. Osborn, at the hydro, on the best means to keep husbands resigned and complacent in London. Jane had tried a London hotel for me for three days, and was not entirely satisfied with that provision. To be sure there were other hotels and we considered them, but it remained in her mind that Mrs. Osborn, out of an experience of several months in England, had concluded to cage her learned husband in lodgings, and she gradually came to think that what might suit Osborn would be as good a gamble as another for me. So she got the address of the Osborns' lodging-house and wrote from Paris and engaged rooms.

The rooms were on the second floor of a house on Half Moon Street. All Half Moon Street seems to be lodging-houses, and has been so, I suppose, for the better part of a hundred years. Ours were three rooms on the second floor, a fairly good front living-room with a fireplace in it, and back of it a wonderfully dingy bedroom and a ditto dressing-room. It was a violent change

from the bright little modern hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, where everything was fresh and up to the date. Nothing was up to the date in those lodgings. There was a bath-room which had been built on in the rear at some period when the intrusion of bath-rooms on civilization could no longer be ignored, but it was rather a primitive convenience. "This will never do," I thought, as I looked about.

Nevertheless, we had dinner in our front room, and it was a sufficient dinner, and agreeably served by an obliging man. The Osborns were next door and we went in to see them, and received their apologies for having been instrumental in attracting people of our luxurious habits and large expectations into lodgings so much less stylish than we were. But theirs were no better, or very little, and that was reassuring. We went home and tried the bed. It was not pretty, but it developed no characteristics that were prejudicial to sleep. It was a fairly good bed, and the rooms held our trunks, and the bacon and eggs that I had for breakfast were satisfactory and the coffee was no worse than European coffee in general, and the man Henry

was so attentive and so obliging, and spoke the language of his country so much more precisely and elegantly than we did, that after breakfast a sentiment of resignation began to obtain in my mind, and I put some of my belongings into the bureau drawers in the dingy dressing-room, and negotiated with Henry to take my best hat somewhere and get it ironed. Anyhow, we would not move that day.

Neither did we move the next day. The lodgings grew on us. This is a fairly garish world for travellers and the lodgings were so far from garish that they made a grateful perch from which to fly out on sallies of inspection. The soft coal fire and the *Times* and the leisure of one's own abode were consoling in the morning, and again at eve. Henry brought me a latch-key, and that was homelike. At my request the second day he brought various bottles and decanters of intoxicants and ranged them on the sideboard, where their mere presence accomplished an infusion of hope into the atmosphere. Conversation between Jane and me over our food was less restrained than in a hotel, and when I had to be admonished it could be done without drawing the attention of

the British nation to my mistakes. So altogether, and quite contrary to my first expectations, we got to like our dingy lodgings very much, and for the perfectly sound British reasons that they were comfortable, restful, and agreeably private.

Moreover, Half Moon Street, pleasantly reminiscent to me of Henry Hudson and his river, is the very heart of Mayfair. There may be dingy lodgings in New York that are comfortable, but there is no Mayfair in New York, and if there were, the lodging-houses would have been crowded out of it long ago to make room for apartment houses or something modern. And there is no respected lodging-house habit in New York that I ever heard of, and therefore no advertised skill in making lodgers who might be in hotels consider that they are happier in lodgings.

Besides, lodgings are fairly cheap—a good deal cheaper than the best hotels, and I guess that would hardly do in New York. I hear they are fast fading out of London, too, before the march of the great ogre improvement that even London does not wholly escape.

Being in those lodgings, with a fortnight still

to spare before we started back to reengage in the battle of life, was like camping out in the best picture-book in the world, free every morning to get up and go out and turn a page or two. For the average untutored American like me London is the best picture-book because we start with more knowledge of it than of any other great city overseas. One begins to learn London in *Mother Goose*, and keeps on in school and presently in the newspaper. We would know Jerusalem in somewhat the same way if it had lasted better, but Jerusalem is considerably changed, I understand, since Bible times.

Jane and I took our London very easy this time—took it together or independently as happened to be convenient. We did not fill our time with engagements. Some English friends came in one day from the country and we lunched together and they took us to see some things that they thought well of—the Tate Museum, the Roman Catholic Cathedral. We went to the country and spent a Saturday with an Anglo-American farmer, and saw his marvellous black pigs; we went to Oxford for a week-end visit, and on another Sunday we went to Hampton

Court with Cousin Alicia after she had come to town; but for the most part we stuck to London and London streets, and did whatever came to hand when we got ready. The next best thing in London is the National Gallery, or the Abbey, or the Tower, or the British Museum, according to taste, but the best thing in London is London. The forest is better than any of the trees or all of them. It was that, the forest, that I most wanted to see and get the feel of. A taste for it is born in us, I do not doubt, but until my own generation no member of my family had gratified it for about two hundred years. It was pleasant to get the feel of London again after so long. Down the street was Piccadilly and the Green Park, somewhat disfigured by the reposing bodies of the unemployed on the grass; up the street and around the corner through Becky Sharp's Curzon Street, was Lansdowne Passage, leading by the back way to all the shops. Why should people go to the North and South poles and the Amazon when such a link as Lansdowne Passage can be discovered right in London? I was very much pleased with that passage. I liked it the best of any street. It was the most retired and it got

you soonest where you wanted to go. I met its proprietor one morning sweeping out the leaves and bought a right of way, good until recalled, for sixpence. And with a shilling on another day I placated the warden of the Albany, so that he let me walk through that hallowed place where lodged so many of the heroes of Victorian romance. People still have chambers there, especially (though, I believe, no longer exclusively) bachelors. It is nothing to see, but everything to remember and imagine. Some of the best spectacles are of that quality.

And there was St. James Square, that I discovered on the same day that I located Pall Mall — Pall Mall that would be nothing much to look at, if it were not for “the sweet, shady side” of it that runs in your head out of Captain Morris’s verse. If this world were really our home, St. James Square would be an admirable place of habitation. A long three story house in the corner of it, with five or maybe seven windows across its front, looked particularly desirable to me. Somebody said it was the town house of the Duke of Norfolk. If that is true, and if, when I go to London again (if ever), the Duke

is taking lodgers, that is where I shall apply to be lodged.

And of course at the present rate of progress towards real, blown-in-the-glass democracy, all dukes may be letting lodgings in a few years. All through those London days I was haunted by the persuasion of impermanency—that I was looking at a show whereof the revision was rapidly proceeding, and that the Day of Judgment would be exhibited to the spectators on the next film but two. Our home? This world our home? Nobody that reads the newspapers can feel that it is, any more. The saints have never felt so, and now even the sinners must be coming to a solemn sense of the transitoriness of facts. I kept feeling glad to be seeing London and all the rest of England while it was still there; glad to be in time to remember the garland of Greeks around the top story of the all-but-sacred Atheneum Club, "the sweet, shady side" of Pall Mall as aforesaid, the Haymarket, the Embankment, the Passage (as noted), Cromwell's statue which may hold over into kingdom-come, the Exchange, admitting with modest self-deprecation that The Earth is the Lord's. Why had n't our

Stock Exchange, so lately rebuilt, penetration enough to put up an admission of that sort where the Uplift could read it? We have Washington saying his prayers on the steps of the sub-treasury, but that won't avert anything. We have two vast and splendid new railroad stations in New York and not a pious line that I remember on either of them. After all, the English are more religious than we are. They have always clung to the more lingering forms of destruction, and it may be that London will still be sitting there getting ready for the millennium and grumbling about it when New York has fetched loose and is off, glittering through space in the tail of a comet.

And London is a very nice town while it lasts. Oh, yes! delightful! There again one remarks the results of that process which has left such impressive marks on Paris; the process by which folks who know good things provide and collect them for the eventual satisfaction of miscellaneous comeafterers. So seems to have come very much of what makes London attractive; the great houses set in ample spaces, like the Duke of Devonshire's seasoned, weather-beaten habitation that fronts on Piccadilly and looks as if it grew

there. So came the Wallace Collection, and doubtless nine-tenths of all the other collections in London. So came Hampton Court and the places of that sort, and under operation of death duties and income taxes devised for the distribution of properties, there must be a great deal more coming and coming pretty fast. If people's ideas about property continue to be modified for another fifteen years at the rate at which they have been modified since the beginning of this century, there will be a great deal to say, and a whole assortment of new novels will have to be written to tell about the change in life. It is recognized that in our country money is much less awesome than it was in '98, and that captains of industry have shrunk in their relative dimensions until they look nowadays not so very much bigger than some of the college presidents. I judge that the prestige both of money and of rank has undergone a corresponding shrinkage in England. A duke is still a duke, and rich people are still rich, but people say, "How long will it last?" and begin to examine the new bases of estimation, and to wonder how far the pendulum will swing this time before it starts on its return. Hu-

man inequality has been used to find its recognized expression chiefly in disparities of possessions. Reduce those disparities, as is now being done, and how will inequality express itself? It will find ways — no doubt at all of that; but what will they be? What satisfactions will they yield? What kind of hereditable permanency will be devised for them? Are the ministers going to be great men again after the millionaires and the peers have been levelled? Or are the ministers to give place to social workers? A funny world this is, especially just at present, and no more in London than elsewhere does one escape its humors.

But the old order is not gone yet, and I doubt that it is going so promptly and completely as some prophets and some signs and wonders predict. Habits of mind with centuries of custom behind them are pretty stubborn and change by slow processes of modification. Tax laws and death duties may spur them; great changes in life like those that have come with machinery, and compelling forces of international competition, may push them out of the ruts they love and block return, but the final result is not eradication but adjustment. We still expect more or

less of what we are used to, and shape our lives to that expectation. When the Uplift has shot all its bolts, I guess some people will still be rich, and knowledge and leadership and character will still take toll, and those who have less will still adjust themselves, more or less, to the powers, or wishes, or needs of those who have more. With the command that men now have of the forces of nature there is no visible limit to production. Improvement in the intelligence and condition of the mass of men anywhere must naturally increase production, and that means increased wealth, so that a better distribution may reasonably result in there being so much more to distribute that even apparent losers by the change may make up their losses. Immensely beneficent are the compulsions of need. People seem to develop only just so much sense and energy as they must develop to enable them to live as well as they are used to, or a little better. How much new sense and energy the prospect of want and the German competition may develop in the English is something worth waiting to see. They have all the modern tools of hand and brain, and know how to use them, and severally

and collectively they will not lose their place in the world without a hard try to keep it.

The Anglo-American farmer whom we went to visit—English father, Boston mother, and American wife—had a thousand acres of land, mostly flints, which produced wonderful black pigs, as mentioned, and cows and other crops. Our friend's house was new and had plumbing in it, but the land was old and had habits which he gave himself faithfully to fulfill. After lunch he put on flannels and spent all the afternoon with a team of his employees playing cricket against a team of somebody else's men. Wages were low, I thought, on that farm—15 to 20 shillings a week—but there went with them, besides I don't know what house and garden privileges, this possibility of cricket if one was good enough. The cricket was pleasant. There was afternoon tea in a tent—another edifying habit. Our friend gave attention to farming and seemed to do it with ability. He had forty or fifty laborers and farm-hands, and said he did n't run behind much on farming operations. I judged that what he had really bought with those flinty acres was the privilege of organizing life for two or

three hundred persons. That seemed a fairly agreeable form of social service if one could afford it. His pigs were beautiful, but the real crop that his acres yielded, so far as I could see, was farm-hands' families, the pigs and cows and profits and losses being only incidents of the main employment. I don't know that he realizes that his business as a farmer is raising farm-hands. He did not show me his farm-hand families; he showed me his colored pig families—various in age and number and most attractive—and that made me feel that his idea was that chiefly he raised pigs. I suppose all of us have rather imperfect estimates of what we are really engaged in raising in this life, but it seems to me not only that the most important product of English farming must naturally be farm-hands, but that the most important product of all the industries is people. I think I observe at home that the industries that maintain and produce good people help the country and those that don't, hurt it; that the factories that support a good life among their workers are an asset, and those that are operated by miserable people who live in squalor are a nuisance; that the mines

that maintain good and free communities are helping progress, and those that don't are hindering it. So perhaps it is not being far ahead of the times to conclude that the most important product of all work is workers, and that the pigs, the grain, the cloth, the coal, and the rails are all in a way by-products of labor, important, to be sure, and lawfully profitable if a profit can be skimmed off of them without detriment to the main article produced.

But, as I said, people are apt to have erroneous ideas about what they are really doing and to lose sight of the end in the ardor of their attention to the process. There was Sir Richard Holter, whom Jane and I visited over Sunday at Oxford. I would not dare assume that Sir Richard has delusions about anything, but whatever he thinks, he gives out that he is a professor in Oxford University. Well, he is; but his great line is the direction of human life. I went about with him for a day and a half, and wherever he went he was always directing human life, and wherever he touched it it seemed to go lighter and more blithely.

It was not term time when we were in Oxford

and the studious youths were not there, but a dirigible war balloon dropped in about the time we did, and camped on a college common over Sunday, and that filled up the place a little. I was glad to see a dirigible, though it seemed a mighty modern bird to be resting in the grounds of Oxford University. Sir Richard showed me the Bodleian, and its new and admirable device for storing books. It had too many—all the great libraries have too many—and instead of crowding in an enormous library to contain them, it dug out a large hole under a venerable building nearby, put stacks in it, connected it by a suitable passage, and there they can have a million books or so, available, harmless, and inoffensive to the landscape.

Next day he took us to church in Christ Church Cathedral, a duodecimo cathedral but very worshipful, and afterward showed us many things—rooms, halls, chapels, windows, more libraries, and the like, venerable and edifying. And after lunch, with one of the kind ladies of his family he motored us twelve or fourteen miles over to Ewelme, where about five hundred years ago, when our forbears were still inhabitants and

part owners of England, the Earl and Countess of Suffolk founded a "hospital" for the care of a dozen or two old people, and built a church beside it. There it all is as they left it, and the Countess's effigy, very handsome and perfect, on her tomb in the church. Sir Richard directs the life of the hospital *ex officio* as one of the details of his Oxford occupation. The Earl of Suffolk is not buried there. He got into politics and his body was not recovered.

On my own hook I viewed the Oxford monument to Thomas Cranmer, who was burned, as you will recall, for his religious views. Interference with people's religious views being out of date and prohibited in our Constitution, reformatory zeal in our blessed land has been diverted from points of doctrine to habits. I don't know how far it may go, but there seems to be almost as much room for disparity of view about beverages as about dogmas, and it was sustaining to me to see that monument standing to a man who adhered to what he thought was good for him.

Jane and I both felt that we had really got results from our visit to Oxford and our experience there of how life may be profitably directed. We

had still a week or more in London. Our cousins had come over from Paris and put up in a nearby hotel, but succumbed to the idea of lodgings and moved over to Half Moon Street into apartments somewhat grander than ours. My old friend Burns and his family transpired from the Continent, and they too arranged themselves in lodgings nearby. It was homing time. The learned Osborn had been for some weeks like an arrow on a drawn bowstring, giving himself exercises in patience, hiring a chair daily in the Green Park and reading there; reading the Greek poets at night, while his wife with her brother restored her balance at the theatres. Mayfair became a neighborhood that showed familiar faces, and London grew more and more companionable. People lunched with us and dined with us in our dwelling, and we with them. We shopped a little, bought ourselves some clothes and a few garments suitable to bedizen our offspring, and other British products to carry home, always with fearsome consideration of what the Collector of the Port of New York would do about it. There was no more packing up and getting to a train and distracting the mind over the details of

resettlement somewhere else. It was all so easy and so tranquil and so pleasant that I began, unconsciously, to experience those subtle sensations of "having a good time," for which inquirers so habitually inquire. Just around the corner opening on Curzon Street there was a queer back-water called Shepherd's Market—or by some such name—where there was a fruit-stand and a news-stand and a flower-shop and a third-class bar-room and some other shabby emporiums, and there we used to go to buy flowers to send to people or to adorn our own rooms, and newspapers and fruit to carry home to help out the intemperate decoration of our sideboard. It was a real neighborhood that nestled around that hidden market. Alas! I hear that the market even now has been condemned for immediate improvement and is to be built over by something tall and modern, and our lodging-house man told us that the entail had nearly run out on the lodging-house property, and that it was all in danger of being scrapped and modernized. There will be mourners when that happens, but anyhow it served our turn.

Every day my examination of London con-

tinued. If it was a desultory morning inspection, on the way perhaps to Bond Street or Saville Row, I went off on foot through the Passage. If I aimed further, Henry's ready whistle summoned a taxicab from the line of them in Piccadilly. One day Jane and I had a call to make in Chelsea, and being there I adventured to look in at the empty dwelling of Thomas Carlyle. It is interesting to any one who has read Froude's Life, but needs furniture, and might be helped, perhaps, by wax figures of Thomas and his Jane and the cat, and maybe of Emerson and Tennyson visiting him. Empty houses that people once lived in are apt to induce despondency in visitors.

I went to the Abbey and the Tower, and to all the galleries and into some churches. I looked at the monuments, wondering, as people do, about the wherefore of York column and whether Prince Albert of the Albert Memorial was the greatest of all Englishmen as his populous and imposing monument implies. It covered so much ground, and was so crowded with sculptures, and the gilt cross that topped it was so effulgently impressive, that it seemed to me that in the great

bounty of her bereaved affection the good queen had rather overdone her offering, and done the memory of her virtuous Prince a doubtful service in making his merits seem so to outshine the fame of all the other British worthies.

And the York column! The oftener I saw it the more I wondered whom it was all about and why a hero so impressively commemorated, by so tall and fine a monument on so notable a site, should have so little pull with history. If it had been the *New York* column, I could have understood it, for certainly New York has been of some value to London, both by its disbursements there and by its large provision of contrasts which emphasize all the London values. But there was no New York about that column. It concerned a Duke of York as to whom the word seems to be "No further seek his merits to disclose." I believe he was in a fight somewhere, but the monument was practically all I could discover about him. After a long time I came to see that both these monuments were justified, that they were worth their space and sites and all their elaborations, and that they were honorably and appropriately British and belonged where

they were. One is the monument to the Good Husband, the most useful man of all, often the greatest saint and hero, a man considerably taken for granted and ignored, but about the best asset in the male line in all the British civilization. And the other is the monument to the Man Who Sat Tight, ate and drank and lived his life, doing whatever obscure duties came to him to do, and avoiding advertisement. After all, that is the kind of man that has made England. It 's dogged that does it, and I suspect that Duke of York of doggedness. That was Wellington's quality, except that his duties happened not to be obscure. The monument to Nelson is all right. It takes occasional variations of the type to make a great people, but the Good Husband and the Man Who Sat Tight seem certainly in this hour of the world to be the men fittest for British emulation.

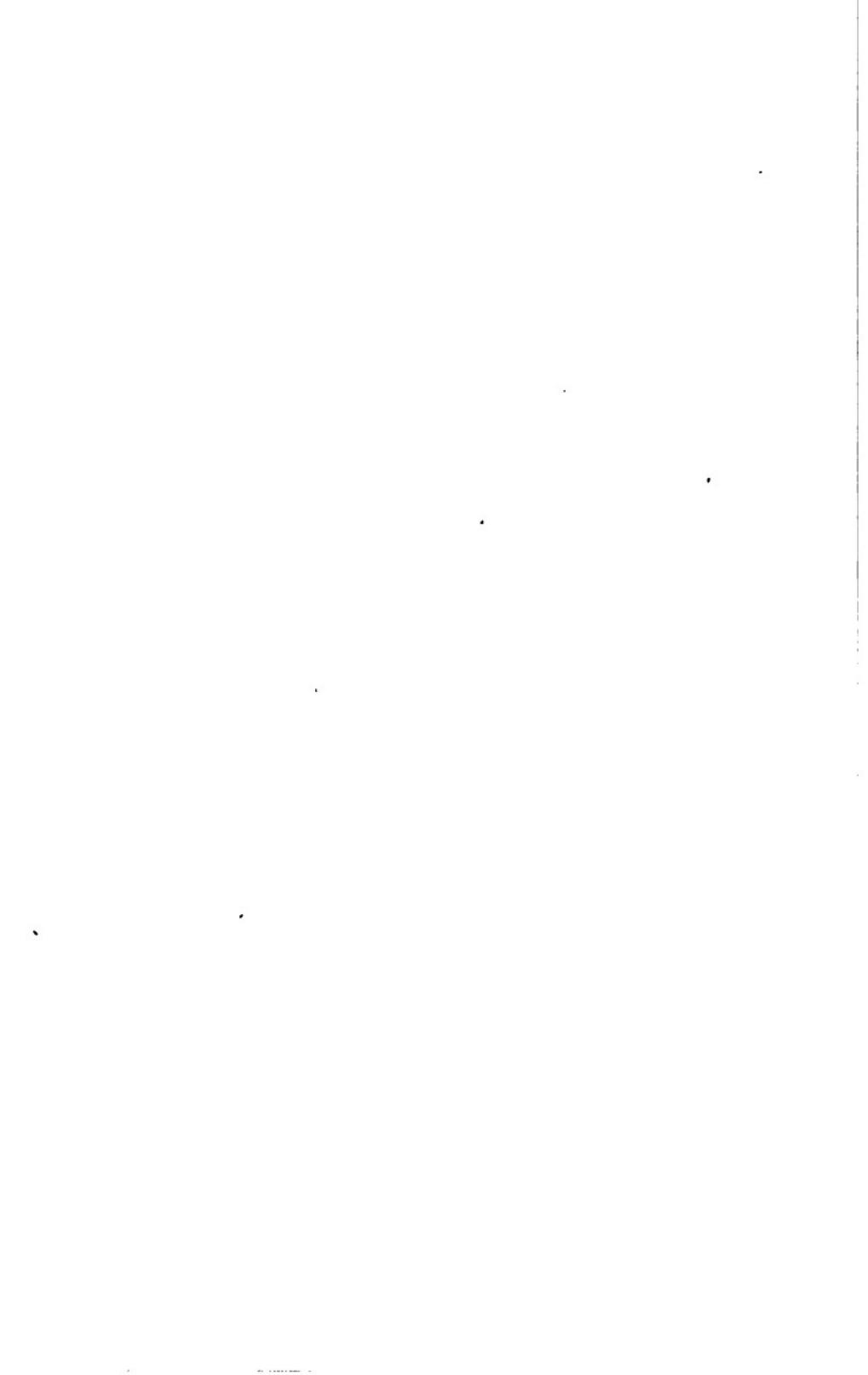
The clock struck the hour of release for the learned Osborn. I went to bid him good-by and found him joyfully assembling his luggage. I began to feel sorry for people like the Burnses who had no steamer in sight and intended to stay on. Then, suddenly it was our turn, and our cousins, who were to follow shortly, were

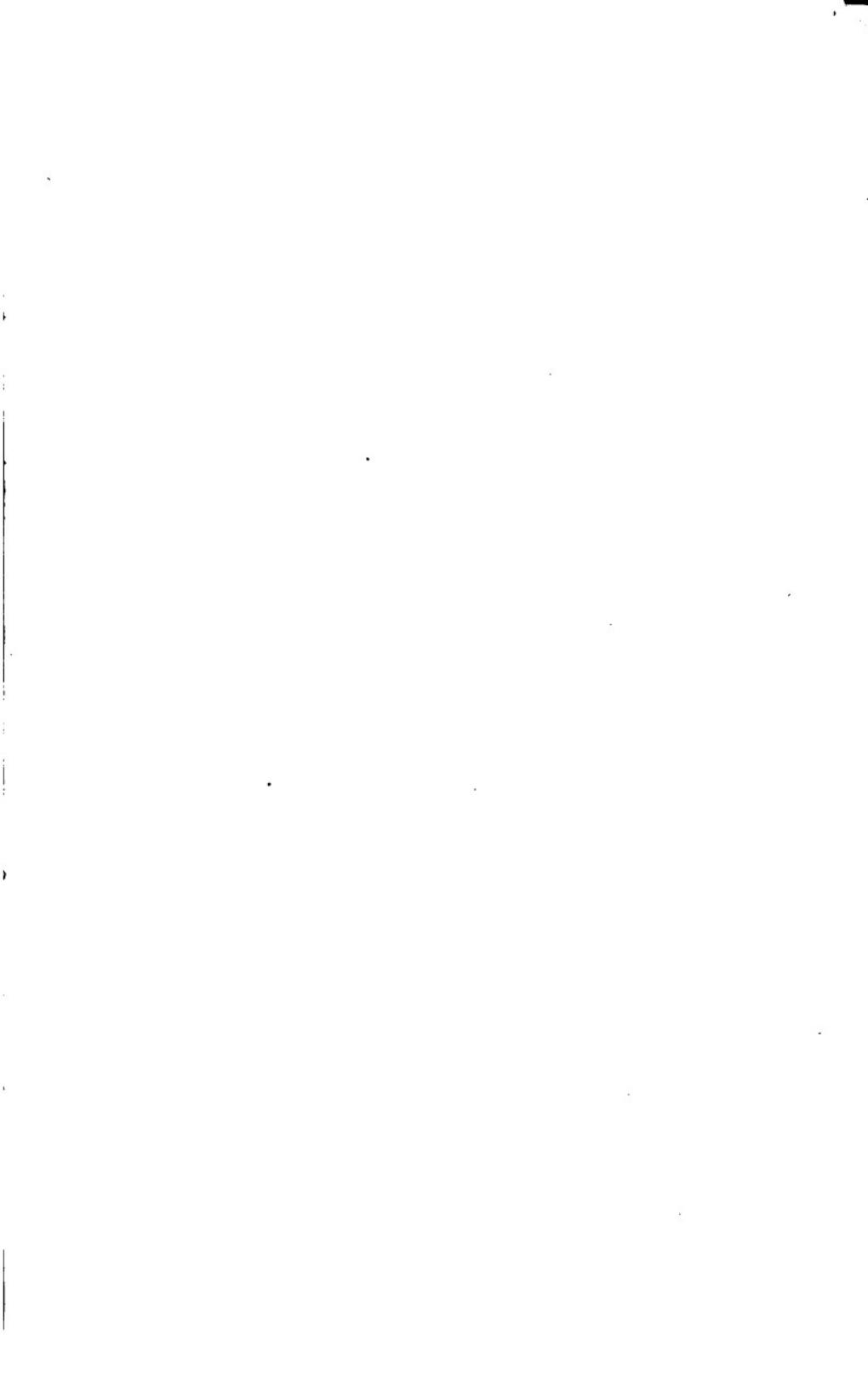
seeing us off on a steamer train and we were buying books and looking about curiously to see whom we knew and admiring the abandoned fashion in which two respectable elderly ladies were puffing at hang-down cigarettes in their train compartment.

We found acquaintances aboard the ship; the weather was good; we ran through a corner of the Grand Banks by daylight and saw scores of fishing schooners. The morning was the seventh, and a fine morning when we came up the Bay.

“Come, Jane! Come, Jane! There are the children!” And there they were on the dock by the side of the gangway ready to beam on their mother. And she so fine in the habiliments of Europe, so rested, so restored in spirit; and myself, so glad to have been, so glad to get back, so well repaired and *had* had a good time—actually *had!* It all flashed through my mind at once—*her* plan, *her* grit, *her* persistence, *her* patience took me out, did me over, brought me back! What a hero! What a hero!

THE END







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